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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Bonar Law has led the party for a fortnight in the House of Commons, and has not uttered a platitude. We dare say that to people who like their politics turbid with truism this may prove a disappointment; but not so to those who prefer the real thing. To platitude at times of course we all must come. What is peroration, if one cruelly strips it, but platitude in a court dress—and how is a full-dress debate to be wound up by the leaders of the great parties without some kind of peroration? Disraeli the cynic and Balfour the sceptic perorated now and then; and one can recall even Lord Salisbury, in the days when he stripped himself of almost every flower of speech, performing thus with the aid of a heavy passage from Macaulay.

But, like those three, the statesmen who are really worth following are sparing of platitude, dressed up or nude; Mr. Bonar Law has shown his strength at once by not swinging bladder weights about the stage. Nothing could have been simpler and straighter—and so the more effective—than his first speech from Mr. Balfour's seat at the beginning of the week. It was all good stuff. Dealing with a branch of farming which only appeals to a comparatively small section of politicians, it was not meant to draw a cheer; and for that very reason it drew cheers warm and general. We do not see eye to eye with Mr. Ure as a rule; his vision of some things, especially at election time, is too calculated to be quite trustworthy; his view, however, of Mr. Bonar Law was at least a true and safe one. But let Mr. Ure not deceive himself—the new House master has in pickle a rod that will sting quite as much as any wielded against naughty boys by the master just retired.

The stories about the Government going to pieces through Cabinet jars are probably a little too much

inflamed. "Our London Correspondents" are so often over-zealous in their "anticipation of events before they occur". One might suppose, from their writings, that some of them had actually been bidden to a Mayoral feast at Andover. Still, there are obvious signs of unease and discontent among the Ministerialists. Straws may not tell which way the wind blows, for they are so light that they are commonly blown anywhere, round and round and up and up; but straws do show when the weather is treacherous and gusty. Take the straw of the "Daily News". It is apparently so agitated because the Foreign Secretary will not stop the war in Tripoli that it now virtually suggests he should make one against Russia. He is no longer to put up with Russian "affronts"—and the "Daily News" still reveres the name of Gladstone!

The "servant tax" has grown into quite a sensation. Perhaps, it has rather been made into one. The indignation of mistress and maid alike is evident enough, and we should be sorry to say it was not sincere. But would they have thought or even known anything about it but for the journalistic scoop? As is often the way in this world, a comparatively small mistake is bringing down on Mr. Lloyd George all the righteous wrath and punishment his many big sins have justly earned but escaped. It really almost looks as though he is going to be tripped up on the tape. Well, he has produced harmony in the household; he has closed up mistress and maid against himself. And, as usual, it is the petty irritant which pricks to most fury—the stamps and sticking them on (nobody knows on what yet), the "Englishman (and woman's) castle", interfering between mistress and maid. And the pepper and salt is rubbed in the scratch with vigour, one must say, by some papers and politicians.

The real grievance figures much less, though it is real. Most—we should deliberately say most—maid-servants get their medical attendance and nursing free. Good servants, at any rate, are too much in demand for their employers—even if they take the sheerest business view—to risk losing them for the matter of medical fees. If these servants have their insurance premiums devoted to sick pay, they are practi-

cally so much to the bad. Their premium should be earmarked for superannuation.

On the whole, the House, it seems to us, took a sensible view of the railway question. The outcome is that the Government are requested by resolution to try to get representatives of directors and men to meet to discuss the Commissioners' report. Mr. Henderson, we agree, was right in saying that it was mainly a matter of meeting in the right spirit. Also, he might have said, of debating in the right spirit. Nice punctilio on either side would have made either resolution or meeting impossible. The directors were obviously within their rights in declining to meet the trade unions; for the men, so far as they would not be bound by the Report, were clearly out of court. That point, at any rate, was established. And there matters might have ended in a deadlock—the worst result possible.

Happily the House—for once it is possible to speak of the House and mean something—seized immediately what really matters in the whole business. The technical rights between directors and men were nothing: how to keep peace in the future and provide a sound working basis was the question. What chance could there be of a new arrangement working if the directors persisted in refusing to meet the unions? Large numbers of the men were disappointed with the Report. If this disappointment were embittered by the directors' refusal even to discuss the Report with them, human nature forbid that the Report could be any lasting settlement. The sensible thing was to meet and talk things over. Mr. Bonar Law felt this, and said frankly almost at once that he would be glad if the directors would accept the Government proposal to meet the men. But, of course, there was to be no implied censure on the directors, who strictly were in the right.

Unfortunately, the directors do not see that they may be within their private rights but in the public wrong. They are right, of course, in insisting that the Report shall stand; but they would lose public sympathy and might be the occasion of much mischief if they stood on their rights and refused to meet the men. It is perfectly clear that there are points that do want further discussion. Lord Claud Hamilton and Sir Frederick Banbury gave a disastrous exhibition of the way not to approach the situation before them. Really after Lord Claud's speech it is optimistic to hope for good feeling on the Great Eastern. His attack on trade unions was on a par with the labour agitator's vulgar abuse of the capitalist. But Lord Claud is a gentleman, an educated man, the son of a Duke. The tu quoque will hardly get him off. Heaven forbid that his speech should be thought to represent the general Unionist attitude. Nevertheless, we are very certain that it will be quoted on hundreds of platforms for years to come as an example of Unionist temper towards trade unionist workmen. Mr. Bonar Law's expression of sympathy with them will be omitted. Lord Claud will be quoted. This sort has ever done our party infinite mischief.

"The Great Imposture Breaking Down" is how the "Daily Mail" well describes the second extraordinary show-up of the People's Budget. We likened that Budget to the South Sea Bubble; but after the decision in the Court of Appeal last week it is possible that an apology is due to the Bubble. No one, at any rate, concerned in this national scandal sent out thirteen millions of absolutely illegal forms from a great State department; forms enforced by a kind of blackmailing threat. It is all very fine now to laugh at that threat and say no one is the worse for it. It alarmed many little owners quite as much, perhaps, as Mr. Ure's dark suggestion to the old people who thought they were going to lose their pensions. Mr. Asquith might do worse than follow his own precedent and tell the owners, as he told the old people, that they may now sleep at night.

It is fortunate the decision that Form Four is quite illegal, and the stern and contemptuous words accompanying that decision, were not Mr. Justice

Grantham's or Mr. Justice Darling's. We should then, no doubt, have been told by some of the Radicals that the judgment was a judgment to help the Unionists. Mr. Churchill, too, would perhaps make another of his famous down-with-the-judges speeches. As it is, we are not sure that the Lords Justices will not be attacked by some of the anti-landowner section. May the sanctity of Mr. Wedgwood's correspondence be respected at this trying time!

What is to be done with the zealous officials who have led the Government into this ambushade—or who have themselves been led into this ambushade by the Government? What, we wonder, are they doing to-day? Are they sorting out and pigeon-holing the information which they have wrung from hundreds of thousands of English and Scottish people by illegal forms? And what is the Government going to do with these public servants—"servants" who, for months past, at the instigation of the Government, have been "serving" their "masters" with bullying and illegal letters? They are no longer wanted for Domesday, unless some new plot can be hatched by a fresh form against the landowners. Do the Government intend to keep them inactive, eating their heads off—or, rather, eating the heads of the public off—in the Treasury stables? Will the Chancellor of the Exchequer find them some work in his celebrated new servant stamp department?

The most beautiful gloss we have noticed for a long while in politics is Mr. McKinnon Wood's on this condemned Form Four: "No estimate has been framed for the issue and preparation of improved forms in substitution of any that were issued in circumstances that have been held to make them invalid"! This is the Government way of snubbing the Master of the Rolls for declaring the forms illegal and "waste paper".

South Somerset is more than an ordinary election success. It is always pleasant enough to win a seat, but when it is a seat no Conservative or Unionist has ever won before, the victory has a joy peculiar to itself. It is especially welcome, too, as fitting in with the advance of Unionism in the West Country, which the last two elections showed so markedly. There is no doubt Tariff Reform is bringing over the Western counties to us steadily. Even Cornwall is moving. We may well win the S. Ives division next time, and very possibly Truro. It is pleasant, too, to have one of the Herberts in the House again on our side. Mr. Herbert's father was a type that must distinguish any party that is so fortunate as to include it. Lord Carnarvon was rare, rightly said. By the way, we note that the Radical agent muttered threats about inquiry into Tory methods. Really! One would have thought that recent Liberal experience of election petitions had cured them of any itch that way.

From the beginning the only question at Hitchin has been, what majority would Lord Robert get. He has got in by the comfortable difference of sixteen hundred odd. We should not have been surprised if the majority had been a good deal larger. It is strange that for so long a time there should have been no Cecil sitting for Hertfordshire. Now at last both Lord Robert and Lord Hugh are in the House together, for the first time. But now they are in for good—in every sense. Each has a seat now from which it should hardly be possible to displace him.

Sir Cuthbert Quilter, who died on Monday last, like Lord Elcho, was a natural wit. His speeches went down as welcome year after year as Lord Elcho's Derby Day adjournment Speech. Neither was an intellectual within the House—that rôle as left, later, to Mr. Birrell—but both were good to hear. Some thought the wit of Quilter rather frothy—and naturally it was, for he dealt in ale. Like Lord Rathmore—who, however, was what Quilter never was, an orator—he had a flaw in his utterance; it heightened the effect of his jests. He was a genial, pleasant politician, fond of pictures. There is a story that one day

he asked his brother to inspect his collection. The brother came, looked round, said nothing; and finally rushed out of the room. It is probably quite untrue.

We shall soon be regaled by some more insolent abuse of magistrates by Miss Pankhurst and some more prison-whinings. With their usual fatuity the "militants" have been making another exhibition of feminine unfitness. These delightful ladies, because the police would not let them go where they would, turned to throwing stones at all the windows they could find. Is not this dignified, intelligent, worthy of "citizens"? Naughty little school-girls would hardly make such fools of themselves. However, it is something (and surprising) that stones were not thrown at the police.

By the way, the "Daily News" has a remarkable prediction about the shopkeepers and woman suffrage. It declares that henceforth everyone who has a window to break—rather a large class!—will vote against the women. Is that really the "Daily News" leader writer's idea of politics and of the value of the vote? It adds that nobody cared when Mr. Birrell's hat was bashed in. Well, but surely, on this "Daily News" principle, all the hatters will henceforth vote for the women as being good for trade, and likewise will all who are interested in the manufacture of glass.

Lord Morley at Manchester, speaking of Universities, hardly spoke as the member of a Cabinet pledged to a Manhood Suffrage Bill. At times, indeed, there was a faint suspicion of disloyalty to his colleagues. "Occasionally", he said, "he did see signs of the fatal heresy that one man's opinion was as good as another's." His warning against the half-trained man, and against the man who read books, but had neglected to form habits of mind (for which, by the way, a University exists), are excellent sense, and certainly not pitched in the democratic key. Nor was his quotation from Bunyan a very lofty tribute to the fledgling citizen of a democratic city: "thou talkest like a newly-hatched chicken, and thou talkest like one upon whose head the shell is to this day".

Lord Portsmouth raised an interesting debate in the House of Lords last Monday. The subject of the Territorial Army has certainly worn somewhat bare by now. But on this occasion several new features came to light. Needless to say Lord Haldane's reply was in the usual optimistic vein, although now he is almost alone in regarding the Territorial plan as feasible. Even after recent possibilities he still maintained that the force could be adequately trained for war, because it was to be embodied on the first day of the departure of the expeditionary force. Asked, then, what would happen if it had to go abroad at once, he replied that in such a case it was the business of those responsible for the defence of the country to see that proper dispositions were made. It is difficult to see how this is to be done, however willing those in power at the time might be to do all they could. But platitudes like this do not meet the damaging fact that 33,500 Territorials out of a total of 260,000 did not, for various reasons, attend camp at all during the drill season of this year.

The statements made in Committee by the German Foreign Secretary during the week will require notice from Sir Edward Grey when he addresses the House of Commons on Monday. There is a remarkable hiatus as to what took place early in July, and there is the very remarkable admission which destroys to some extent the effectiveness of the German case. Our Foreign Office was twice assured, after Mr. Lloyd George's speech, that Germany had no territorial designs on Morocco, but Sir Edward Grey was requested not to make any public statement of this for fear German assurances should be attributed to the effect of the speech. So tension had become so acute that English sensitiveness must not be alleayed lest German irritation

should be fired. The situation both was and is very grave

The war in Tripoli makes no real progress. The only news of importance is that another division of 25,000 men is to be mobilised. This will make 100,000 men employed directly or indirectly in this miserable business, or taking the place of killed, sick, or wounded. As to expense, it has clearly already cost Italy more than £30,000,000. The Italian forces, consisting of at least 60,000 men, are cooped up in a space with a front, taking the most advanced area, of seven kilometres. According to Mr. Bennett Burleigh, the length of the contest depends on the endurance of the Turkish troops and leaders, who act as a "stiffening" to the Arabs. In that quality they are undoubtedly much more abundantly endowed than their enemy.

Persia has accepted British advice and has given way to the Russian demands. Nevertheless Russian troops have crossed the frontier. It is possible that Persian submission arrived too late to prevent the first movement of the Russians. The question is whether, having once advanced, they will retire. At present the Russian authorities are desirous of humouring us as far as possible. The resentment caused by the action of Germany over the Bosnian affair still rankles deep, and we are likely to have as little opposition from Russia as possible at present. But the Anglo-Russian Agreement is beginning to show its other side, and its embarrassments will become more onerous in time.

The divergence between the two parties seems to be rather hardening than lessening in China. Yuan Shih-kai has nominated a Cabinet, but is said to be organising a force to coerce the Insurgents at Wuchang. The Insurgents on the Lower Yangtze, on the other hand, are organising an expedition against Nanking, which seems entirely in the power of the Imperialist General who has been rewarded with a Yellow Jacket for excesses which have aggravated the situation. The Chinese warships are said to have hoisted the Republican flag.

Delegates from eleven provinces have, in the meantime, arrived at Shanghai with a view to frame a Republican Constitution. As to possible difficulty in selecting a President, the Swiss system of vesting executive power in the hands of a Federal Council is indicated as a possible solution. The desirability of promptly organising a central authority for the revolted provinces seems to be recognised, but it is not unlikely that action is being delayed pending the arrival of Sun-Yat-Sen, who is known to be on his way out. The attempt of the Government, on the other hand, to gather at Peking a convocation of representatives of all the Provinces to advise on the situation seems to hang fire owing to the difficulty of selecting representatives and their unwillingness to serve.

For General Botha at Bloemfontein there were only two courses open. Either he had to read the Riot Act to General Hertzog, or by the dragon of Dutch and anti-British Nationalism himself be swallowed whole. Well, he has come down anti-racial, and the laurels heaped indiscriminate upon his brows by the people of this country need not, for the moment at least, wither. For the Bond, the Unie, and Hetfolk are to take their leave of history. A great South African party on a non-racial basis is declared for. The Hertzog flag on the language question is solemnly pulled down. More, the offending Mr. Hertzog did publicly assume the white sheet. The Orange Free State had loved its education law: that law is now abandoned.

General Botha has toppled over on the right side of the fence. Tortuous as his course seems to many of us, maybe he rules, not as he would, but as he can. Yet has he only himself to thank if his reputation in this country has trembled. General Hertzog stumped South Africa in the Premier's absence, a missionary of Dutch racialism, hailed everywhere as the true Dutch leader. By the Premier returning he was unreprieved.

Within the past two weeks, Mr. Fremantle, in turn, has his provincial tour; the Premier's declared man, and professing to speak in his name; and Mr. Fremantle denounced the Majority Report. However, all's apparently well that apparently ends well. But to tax with keeping racial passion alive the Opposition which he thanked in London last May for strengthening his hand is over-ingenuous, and, in any but the blameless General Botha, would be cynical.

Few honorary degrees in recent years have been better deserved or will delight a larger part of the world than a D.C.L. conferred at Oxford on Tuesday. Dr. Parkin, like Cecil Rhodes, sent himself to Oxford, but could only spare the time to stay up a year. He was older, as undergraduates count years, than the run of his contemporaries; he had taken his degree in Canada before crossing the Atlantic, and back to Canada his work called him home. Thus it is only after this week that he is technically a member of the University, where he left such a mark twenty-seven years ago on contemporaries like the Prime Minister and Lord Milner. Of Oxford, by his devotion as of "a lover or a child", and by his work in organising the Rhodes' Scholarships, he has deserved well. Unknown and unknowing, Parkin and Rhodes, the apostle and the exemplar of Imperialism, matriculated, it seems, in the same hall on the same day of October 1873.

The Commissioners of the Great Exhibition of 1851, the British School of Archæology at Rome, the Royal Academy, and the Institute and Society of Architects and Sculptors and the Municipality of Rome, are together making possible a British School of Art at Rome which shall be a worthy rival of the French and German Schools. The Rome Municipality's share is the gift of the land on which the British Pavilion at the Italian Exhibition stood; and, we must add, of Colonel Charlton Humphreys, head of the firm of contractors who built the Pavilion and are presenting it. A long memorandum from Lord Esher, as the Chairman of the Commissioners, describing the proposed organisation of the new Schools of Arts, Archæology, and Letters in Rome, was read at the meeting of the subscribers to the British School held on Tuesday.

Sir Rennell Rodd, the British Ambassador in Rome, has written an enthusiastic letter on the beauties of the site and its other advantages which will make the British students who are to live and work in the new surroundings the envy of all other international art students. The present Director of the Archæological School, Dr. Thomas Ashby, and Mrs. Arthur Strong, the Assistant Director, are to be at the head of the new school in the Borghese Gardens. Such definite results as the Archæological School has contributed to antiquarian scholarship may perhaps not be possible in the study of the arts; but we may hope that the influence on British art of the new school will soon be as recognisable as the better organisation of the teaching and opportunities of British students at Rome.

Was it not Mr. Max Beerbohm who warned people coming anywhere near London on no account to put their heads out of the window for fear they should see the Crystal Palace? To be tolerable at all the Palace must be seen at a distance, the sun flashing on the great glass roof: there are worse sights in London than that. But then, it is scarcely the Palace that we see. For Lord Plymouth, however, the Crystal Palace is a precious national monument. Perhaps he really loves it for itself; nor would he be alone in his admiration if he did. In the Victorian age our people were not merely blind to what was beautiful. Mere blindness could not entirely explain the taste of Mid-Victoria Britain. You must assume that there was all through these years an active admiration of what was ugly—of things like the Crystal Palace and the Albert Memorial. Nevertheless, Lord Plymouth's action in trying to save the Palace for the nation is exceeding generous—the act of a good citizen. After all it is a glass house we have all been in; so perhaps we should not throw stones.

INSURANCE BILL IN DIFFICULTIES.

THE Unionist position on the Insurance Bill appears to be rather an anxious one. The Opposition have so far voted for the first and second readings of the Bill, on the ground that they were definitely committed to the principle of compulsory insurance. This fact, of course, does not in any way affect their criticising the Bill in the most vigorous manner, and it is quite untrue to say that in the Unionist attempt to remedy its glaring defects there has been any difference between the attitude of the party in the House and the attitude of the party at the by-elections. So far so good. The policy hitherto adopted represented the real attitude, as it was understood, of the Unionist party towards the Bill, but it also left that party in an admirable tactical position for criticising and amending the measure, and incidentally damaging the Government. It has been notoriously successful, as a somewhat futile annoyance, as Mr. Lloyd George and the Liberal press has proved over and over again.

But although no definite position has yet been taken, ominous reports have appeared in the parliamentary news suggesting that certain members are attempting to induce their party chiefs to throw over the accepted policy of the party, and to go out horse, foot and gun against the Bill. Let us hope they will be unsuccessful. They are exposing their party to far greater risks than they seem aware of. Nor will the party itself thank them two or three years from now, when it finds that the Insurance Bill—all its glaring errors amended by one party or the other—is no longer violently unpopular, and that the Unionist party has been tarred once again with that clinging and damaging reputation, the hatred of Social Reform. Everyone knows that the one thing that Lord Robert Cecil has had to contend against during the by-election in Hitchin was his four-years'-old vote on Old Age Pensions. He explained very elaborately why he gave the vote that he did, but the truth is that the electorate will not listen and does not care twopence for causes and reasons which led to a certain action. The explanation is forgotten the day after it is uttered. For this reason, those ingenious people who suggested a way out of the difficulty which means a reasoned amendment show a greater skill in parliamentary procedure than knowledge of how the country thinks. All that a reasoned amendment means is that you put in the form of an amendment the reasons why you are voting against the Bill. In three years' time nothing will remain except the memory that the Unionist party voted dead against the great and faulty measure, the insurance of the people. Of one thing at least it may be said, that the Chancellor will be quick to take a violent and unscrupulous advantage of any tactical error into which his opponents may be led by taking the advice of the less far-seeing among them. He is at the present moment fighting with his back against the wall. His reputation depends on the Bill. The measure itself has been a terrible muddle. He is probably not free from difficulties with some of his dear colleagues, and he must be seeking eagerly some way out of his troubles. One way out would be Unionist opposition on the third reading. It would be the one way which would revive the somewhat failing fortunes of the Bill. He would be able to call up a wave of party and class feeling sufficient to float the somewhat damaged ship into port. He would declare that the vote was on the whole principle of the Bill, and that on the principle Toryism had declared against insurance. For our own part, in spite of everything we have always wished the Bill to pass in some form or another for the sake of the compulsory principle. But if we were the bitterest enemies of the Bill we should be doing no greater service than to press for hostile amendment in its final stage.

In the meantime, the last grotesque stages of Committee have been occupied by what is known as the Servant Tax. A good deal of heat seems to have been generated between the Chancellor and a certain section of the Opposition Press. The controversy has illustrated the extraordinary difficulty of knowing what is or

is not the Bill as amended. A series of sickly deals, vague promises, and automatic closures make it almost impossible, even with the most careful scrutiny, to make certain that the interpretation is right. The Chancellor, whose temper appears to get progressively worse as his belief in the literal inspiration of his work appears to grow stronger, made some rather offensive and really unjust insinuations against the bona-fides of the letters on the Servant Tax which have been pouring in. The tax is undoubtedly extremely unpopular. The machinery of collection, which makes the employer responsible for deduction in wages may be all very well in large factories, where the relations between the two parties are hardly of a sentimental character, and where they do not at least live in any great proximity. Similarly, in a less degree with a big house or large estate with an office to manage it, there should be no difficulty about the process of collection, but it is with the small establishment that the trouble begins, and it must be frankly owned that it is highly probable that the whole machinery of collection here will break down when it is applied. The Government will have a tremendous passive resistance movement on its hands any moment, if they do attempt to fine wholesale large numbers of small householders because they refuse to act gratis as Government collecting agents to their own servants. No doubt, however, in the long run, some way could be found out of the difficulty.

The real objection to the tax is a very different one. In an enormous percentage of cases you are really taking contributions from a class to give them benefits they will never need, and you are, therefore, financing the whole scheme at the expense of a certain section of the people who come under it. The benefits required by the majority of domestic servants are not those of sickness at all, they are those of invalidity and Old Age Pension. Mr. J. W. Hills, then, really solved the problem when he moved an amendment, which the Chancellor seemed inclined to accept, giving every individual servant a right to select an alternative benefit, including an advanced Old Age Pension limit. The weak point in the Chancellor's reply was that he seemed to imagine that this can be achieved through approved societies for domestic servants. The difficulty of organising such societies would be enormous. There seems to be no reason why the concessions granted to societies cannot be granted to the individual.

CAPTAIN FABER'S SENSATION.

THE prestige of a Government supposed to represent the opinions of a nation has rarely suffered so humiliating a rebuff as that implied in the great attention which has been paid to Captain Faber's rather indiscreet utterances at a mayoral banquet a few days since. Whether he was right or whether he was misinformed as to the Navy's readiness for war is a relatively unimportant matter. He is an ordinary private member of Parliament, and until he suddenly leapt into fame through his injudicious speech, it is safe to say that the vast majority of people had never even heard of him. Why, then, have the views of so ordinary an individual been exalted to the height of a national question? Simply because the policy and ideals of our existing Government are looked upon with supreme contempt by all the Chancelleries of Europe; and thus, when a private member of Parliament makes a speech attributing to the Government neglect and laches in the conduct of the defensive forces of the empire, everyone pays attention to his utterances just because, in the case of such a Government as this, it all seems so likely. Had a Unionist Government, or, indeed, any other, which in any sense represented the ideals of the British nation been in power, no notice whatever would have been taken of the views of such an obscure member of Parliament.

It is probable that Captain Faber was not altogether correct in his details, and not quite justified in attributing to the Navy such an absolute state of unpreparedness as he describes. Still his contentions have to a

certain degree been endorsed by Lord Charles Beresford in a speech which he delivered at Southsea on Wednesday. There can be no question that the need of a War Staff, acting in an advisory and not executive capacity, is very pressing just now. However, this obvious defect seems likely to be soon rectified. Indeed, as Lord Charles remarked, the great dangers we passed through last July and August may prove to be a blessing in disguise, as it will cause many omissions to be made good, and defects to be remedied. Looking, however, at the matter from its broader standpoint, one fact has been clearly proved—the entire inadequacy of our provisions for home defence. It is said that during the recent crisis the War Office proposed to send abroad, in order to act with the French Army, the whole of our expeditionary force—in other words, almost every Regular soldier we possess at home. Then we are told that the Admiralty, very rightly in such circumstances, refused to be responsible for the safety of the country, when they had been assured over and over again that, on the outbreak of war, six months would be available wherein to train the Territorial Force before the Regulars sailed. Whether the Government did mean to send away that force or not, it is indisputable that it might have been necessary to do it; and this alone shatters all Lord Haldane's arguments as to the value of his cherished Territorial idol. From the very first it was a Utopian ideal of his to suppose that an enemy would be so kind as to allow us six months' breathing space at the outbreak of war. It might well be only a few days; and then we should have to fall back on the Territorials, many thousands of whom have done no training this year. Indeed, the persistency with which Lord Haldane still clings to his shattered idol, when to everyone else the dismal failure is apparent, would be pathetic if it were not mischievous. But out of evil good may come, if the nation can only realise the awful risks we are running in trying to maintain a huge Empire and carry out the obligations such a status demands with a totally inadequate military force to back the Navy. Lord Haldane, in the House of Lords this week, contended that there would still be a large proportion of Regulars in the country, after the expeditionary force had sailed. So there would be, but they would for the most part be untrained recruits. Such assertions are pitiful; and it will be a happy day for the country when it gets a War Minister who is above stooping to such quibblings.

THE CRACK OF DOMESDAY.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE is breaking down badly in his wonderful pantomimic rôle of William the Conqueror. The great survey of the land, the modern Domesday, which he imperially ordered to be taken has been, in its main instrument, declared illegal in a Court of Law. Form Four, which was hailed by the Radicals as if it were as great an instrument of liberty as Magna Carta or the Petition of Right—and with it Form Eight—has been condemned as bad law. All through the Irish people have shown their contempt for the Form by not troubling to fill it in. We said the other day that any Irishman who filled it up would be either a jester or a fool, but we confess we had not the slightest notion how soon the words were to be fully justified. The Irishman, it must be said, has shown himself a cannier man than the Scot or Englishman over this business; the antiquarian Griffith valuation was enough and to spare for him; and the Kelt may well have the laugh now at the expense of the duller Saxon. It is indeed wholly a laughing matter for the Irish owners, but English and Scottish owners, large and small, may be pardoned if they fail to see the joke. Form Four has been to tens of thousands of owners, especially the smaller owners, a sort of Star Chamber. At least, that is the light in which many of them have seen it. It has not threatened, one may admit, to crop them of their ears; but they have seen in it an instrument meant to crop them of their acres. This is laughed to scorn by moderate Liberals of course

as an absurd bogey, a hollow turnip with a light in the centre to scare a silly countryman. And yet at the back of the mind of those who have supported the modern Domesday with passionate earnestness, who need really doubt that the idea of dispossession has lurked throughout? What cares, for example, Mr. Snowden or Mr. Keir Hardie and the whole of that powerful wing of the Government party, for the Form and for Domesday unless it is a step in the direction of "nationalising" the land? Probably the idea of most of the Liberals and of a large section at least of the advanced Radicals has not been quite that; the idea at the back of *their* mind may have been one of punishment—to humble and scare the English landowners and to get an instrument by which they can be teased and taxed at any time to the verge of ruin. Besides these have been a few members of the Government party, moderate Liberals, some of them landowners themselves, who have really distrusted the whole of this modern Domesday business. At the time there were some faint Liberal protests one remembers, though they died out. Last Saturday the "Westminster Gazette" printed a very remarkable note on the subject. It declared, "We are not going to pretend to regret the decision of the Court of Appeal in regard to the validity of Form IV. and Form VIII., issued for the purposes of the Finance Act. It is far from a bad thing that the bureaucracy should occasionally be brought to realise that its actions are confined by the laws and that any exercise of powers which is not sanctioned by Parliament cannot be and will not be sanctioned by the Courts". This is admirable indeed. But when the "Westminster Gazette" goes on to declare that it is absurd to represent the decision against the Form as a Government defeat, we fail to follow the reasoning altogether. The "Westminster" has surely not forgotten the storm that raged for weeks, for months, over this very Form. The Unionist newspapers were full of letters of protest against the tyranny of the Form; the Government newspapers were full of letters and editorial notes and articles arguing the other way entirely. Unionist speakers went all over the country condemning the Form. Liberal and Radical speakers, including Government leaders, including, if we recollect aright, the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself, went about defending with passion this Form. We seem to remember that the Chancellor of the Exchequer even suffered himself to be interviewed about Form Four, and explained it, and defended it from the aspersions of the foe. And now the "Westminster Gazette", which speaks for the Government with more authority and more ability than any other newspaper in England, approves the Court of Appeal for condemning the Form, and assures us that this is a matter quite outside the Government's line! The Land Commissioners, whom the Government appointed expressly to make this vast Domesday at a great cost of money and time, are now gravely rebuked for going too far! They were encouraged to proceed with all possible despatch by means of Form Four; and now, having carried out their instructions in the spirit and to the letter, they are told that they are a bureaucracy, and that it is good for bureaucracies to have a lesson now and then! Truly our sympathies would be with the Land Commissioners were it not that they are paid large salaries at the cost of the unfortunate taxpayer to carry out a survey which he never asked for or desired.

So much for the humorous side of this amazing business. It undoubtedly has a funny side—two great parties fuming and foaming for weeks together over a bit of paper which the Master of the Rolls now contemptuously describes as waste paper; a Chancellor of the Exchequer summoning Fleet Street to explain to them the merits and meaning of this scrap of waste paper; the absurd difficulty of the Government and the authorities to know what to do with the Irish rebels; and in the end the whole thing found out to be just nothing at all!

But there is quite another side to the business. It is not a laughing matter that the finances of the country

should be under the control of people who boggle in so painful a way as this. We suspected that the Chancellor of the Exchequer did not know much about land questions, outside Carnarvonshire hills at any rate, when he mixed up the "habitats" of partridges and deer. But we did suppose that he had some official advisers at his elbow who would keep him from stumbling equally badly over law. A Chancellor of the Exchequer—perhaps—need not be a special authority on either land or law, even though both must enter into his financial schemes; but at least his colleagues and his Leader should see to it that there is somebody about him who does understand these things and to prevent his Department of State being made a laughing-stock for all the world. It is no light thing that our proud prestige should be humbled in this way. What will the great self-governing Colonies, what will New South Wales and New Zealand, think of British methods when they read of this grotesque State and Government blunder that has just been exposed? What will the highly trained administrators of Japan or of Germany make of Mr. Lloyd George's ridiculous faux pas? A country which makes Budget blunders on this scale is scarcely likely to appeal to the imagination of a foreign investor—and we all know too well that it is fast ceasing to appeal to the imagination of the home investor. The thing is indeed miserable and deplorable, and we could half wish, from a national point of view, that it had not come to light. It is a disgrace to the administration. It lowers the reputation of the whole country.

And now what is to be done with the information which the Government have egregiously come at by absolutely illegal means? We cannot credit the statement that the Treasury intends to hold by what it has got. That would be adding ten times to the original offence. Clearly there is only one honest course to take: the whole of the forms should be returned to the bullied and threatened landowners, large and small, by whom they were filled up. All records of the information contained in these illegal forms should be destroyed in the Department which now holds them; and the Government should at once apologise to the owners who have, under pain of a £50 fine, filled in the forms; and inform those who have not yet done so that the Court has declared the form illegal, and that therefore no notice need be taken of it.

This may be the path of humiliation, but at least it is the path of honour too. As to the expenses which thousands of the larger landowners, and some thousands at least of the lesser landowners too, have been put to in the work of filling up these forms, we doubt whether anything can be done now. There are, we notice, some proposals that the Government should defray these expenses, but it is hardly practicable. It would be rather too bad to shoot the taxpayer both ways: he has already been shot over the printing and distributing of over thirteen millions of illegal papers which he never asked for or wanted; Mr. Peel well rubbed this in this week in the House—it would be monstrous now to compel him to pay again because those papers ought never to have been printed and distributed! Because we have had a sort of "Alice in Wonderland" period of finance and administration, we need not give it an "Alice Through the Looking-Glass" sequel.

THE PERSIAN IMBROGLIO.

THE intrigue of Persian affairs seems to have lost all its savour for the British public now that the Shahs no longer come (except as exiles) on preposterous visits to Europe. When Lord Curzon was writing his great book—it was in the days of Nasr-ed-din Shah, great-grandfather of the present boy-king—it still seemed important to know of such and such a grandee whether he were a partisan of Russia or of Great Britain; but now, in spite of the efforts of the Persian Society in London—Lord Curzon's audience the other day—with their violent anti-Russian propaganda, the people, and perhaps the Government of this

country, have abandoned all pretence of interest in or knowledge of the course of politics in Persia. A like indifference may not be laid at Russia's door. The Russian Press has its correspondents everywhere in Persia, and discusses the significance of every incident according to its previsions; the Tsar has four thousand, and will presently have eight thousand, of his troops in Kasvin, Enzeli and Tabriz; and although no responsible Russian has as yet openly advocated the apparently inevitable partition, when the step becomes practical politics, Russia will be in a far stronger position than this country, thanks to the care with which she has considered and provided for all emergencies. Meanwhile the internal situation becomes more and more desperate. The ex-Shah, with his brothers, though they cannot regain the capital from which they were sent in ignominy—but with comfortable allowances—two years ago, are still “invading” their dominions and making a laughing-stock of the Government at Teheran; every day the pretence of regarding Persia as an independent State becomes more farcical. An Englishman must be had to control the Treasury gendarmerie; an American is looking after the national finances; an American is at the head of the police; Belgians work the Customs. The country, one understands, is in the throes of a civil war; yet the Cossacks, strictly speaking the only military force in Persia, being under the command of Russian officers, elect to remain neutral. The quarrel degenerates into a mere tribal affair, the Bahktiari supporting the Government, the Turcomans supporting the ex-Shah. Bad as was the old régime, the Kajars never brought their Empire to such wretched straits.

It would seem that any vitality there is in Persia resides in these tribesfolk; but their activities do not tend to the foundation of States. The best that could have happened during the last fifty years would have been the rise of a new ruling family to take the place of the decayed Kajars; a semblance of national unity might then have been preserved, and with that semblance the average Persian would have been well satisfied. That great scholar and diplomatist, Count Arthur de Gobineau—whom the most violent champion of Persian nationalism and sympathy with the East—pointed out many years ago that the Farsi, or representative modern Persian, although he thought his country the most agreeable in the world, was utterly without a sense of military or even civic patriotism; he would have been quite content to be governed by Russia or any other European Power, so long as injustice was confined within bounds. Formerly, injustice was confined within bounds—in the reigns, for example, of Nasr-ed-din and Musaffa-ed-din Shahs, whose subjects led easy and untroubled lives, chasing the tax-collector from their doors when they so desired. An examination of the Nationalist movement will show that de Gobineau's description of Persian society is as good for to-day as ever it was. Indeed it might plausibly be argued that at the back of the present commotion is the desire not for reform, but for reaction—that the Nationalists have to thank not only Russian diplomacy, but also the work of the Zill-es-Sultan, for any measure of popular support that they have been given. This uncle of the ex-Shah, in his prime admittedly the ablest man in Persia, happened to be a genuine reformer, and for that reason was thoroughly hated in the provinces he governed, especially by the Bahktiari who achieved his downfall and on whose favour the present régime depends. If the bureaucrat of St. Petersburg has really wanted Persia, his chief success occurred when the autocrat at Ispahan, who kept an English household, was driven into exile.

The moral surely is that this country had better repudiate in theory its alliance with the Persian Nationalists as, according to the Persian Committee, it has already done in practice. But Mr. Dillon, as an instance, is obsessed by his admiration for British parliamentary institutions, or he would recognise that Russian influence over Persian affairs, which he, Lord Lamington, and Mr. Lynch talk so much

about, cannot be checked until Great Britain dissociates herself from any responsibility for the fiasco of Persian Constitutionalism. Again, if it be true, as these gentlemen assert (and as well may be), that the aims of Russia and of Great Britain in Persia must necessarily conflict, then this country should be established if possible as securely in the south as Russia is in the north. The British sphere of influence, as was pointed out some time ago by the SATURDAY REVIEW, requires policing just as badly as the Russian. It is extremely inconvenient, no doubt, this recurring crisis precipitated by the American methods of Mr. Morgan Shuster, who must be unpopular with the Legations just now. But things were going rather slowly in Persia, with the ex-Shah not yet caught. We agree with Mr. Shuster that Great Britain needs to make up her mind to face an uncomfortable problem; and that it is no use being half-hearted because alternatives are odious. The Russian advance, however, cannot be challenged on the ground that Russia has not kept faith with Great Britain; Russia's action in the Chooaes-Sultaneh affair, and on the previous occasions when she had to demand compensations and apologies from the Persian Government, was in no way a violation of the Anglo-Russian agreement. This particular difficulty, it appears, has now been disposed of by a surrender of the Nationalists, acting on the advice tendered by the British Minister at Teheran. It will shortly arise again in other forms, and meanwhile the Russian Government has landed a further detachment of troops at Enzeli. One would be interested to know whether the British instruction was prompt, or whether it was delayed until the detachment had already been moved. However that may be, Great Britain has signified by her recent attitude that in her opinion Persia has ceased in fact to be autonomous; in future developments, consequent upon this fact, we must not always leave the initiative to our partner. It is difficult to avoid an appearance of cynicism in discussing Persian affairs. But if we wait until Russia has accomplished her work, and then intervene in terror, with appeals on behalf of Persian integrity and so forth, we shall hardly escape the worse charges of folly and hypocrisy.

GREEK AT OXFORD.

ON Tuesday 28 November Convocation—a body numbering nearly seven thousand masters and doctors—will be asked to pronounce judgment upon a statute which proposes to allow to Honour students of mathematics and natural science a complete exemption from Greek; and probably at first sight this gift of immunity will seem to many harmless, to some beneficial. Professor Saintsbury, however, thinks otherwise. He announced in the “Times” of Saturday, 18 November, that he should “put his weary body and heavy soul into an evening train and go up from Edinburgh to Oxford” in order to back his protest by his vote—and why? He knows what has happened in Scotland, and he foresees what is about to happen at Oxford; he recognises the old thin end of the old thick wedge. It is true no doubt that the argument of the wedge is somewhat discredited, but the Scotch professor knows from bitter experience that “Noodle is right”. “The wedge may be a good wedge or a bad wedge; that is a matter of opinion; that when the thin end is in, the thick will follow is matter of experience”, and Professor Harrower, of Aberdeen, would bear him out. When Greek was first assaulted at Aberdeen Professor Harrower protested, and he went so far as to prophesy the extinction of Latin. At the time he was laughed at for his trouble, as a man morose and blind. But he was right, for Latin has gone the way of Greek at Aberdeen. Both are now optional, and Greek especially is being extinguished in many schools.

But is there any reason to suppose that what has happened elsewhere will happen at Oxford? There is. The promoters of this scheme for partial exemption were the unsuccessful promoters last year of a scheme for general exemption, and they mean to extend the

principle of exemption—some of them have said as much—when the principle of exemption is once upon the Statute Book. The result of this will be the modernising of Oxford, in answer to a pressure which is really not educational at all, but entirely from without; Dr. James, triple headmaster of three great public schools, has spoken more than once in very impressive terms to the members of Congregation with regard to this pressure. It is a "bread-and-butter" pressure, and the hands at work are the rude hands of the British parent. To see what that pressure can effect one has only to look to America; Scotland has already suffered; an attempt is now being made to inoculate Oxford with the same virus. *Principiis obsta*. It might be argued, no doubt, in the face of all experience, that these wide consequences are not the necessary outcome of this innocent statute, and that the statute itself should be allowed to pass on its own merits. But is the statute in itself, apart from its consequences, a sound educational measure? There is no unanimity on this point even among the scientists themselves. Sir William Osler, Regius Professor of Medicine, is emphatic that Greek should be retained for medical students at Oxford, and Sir William Thiselton Dyer, the botanist, agrees with Sir William Osler. At Cambridge Professor Punnett speaks to the same effect. These are weighty names; but apart from names and apart from the particular requirements of particular sciences, it is clear that the tendency of this movement is to be deprecated on the veriest educational grounds. It means a severance between humanity and science, which is not good for either, and it means that specialisation which should begin late will if this statute pass, begin early. On two grounds then, firstly because of the consequences of this statute, and secondly because of its own very dubious merits, one sends up a prayer that many besides Professor Saintsbury will surrender their bodies to the brain in time to register a true vote on 28 November. They will be striking a blow for the maintenance at Oxford of the great tradition of a general and liberal education for all, as a condition of entry. It is a tradition preserved by Oxford and Cambridge alone, and the country at large, which all the Universities alike serve, cannot profit by the attempt which is now being made to abolish what is distinctive and rare. That is not the right method: the right method is to improve what we have got, and improvement should surely proceed by addition rather than subtraction.

THE IMPERIAL MISSION.

By HENRY PAGE CROFT M.P.

NINETEEN months ago six Imperialists from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and Great Britain met to discuss the result of the election of January 1910. They came to the conclusion that, when preached with boldness and vigour, no policy appealed to the electors of Great Britain more than that of Empire, and accordingly these six men decided to organise educational meetings throughout the country at which they would give their services as speakers.

The demand for these speakers, who were known as the Imperial Pioneers, was so great that it soon became evident that their slender resources could not stand the strain demanded of them, and it was therefore decided to form an organisation known as the Imperial Mission, into the ranks of which all Missionaries of Empire were cordially invited. The result of these small beginnings is the organisation of British Imperialists in every Dominion into a great fighting political machine for the maintenance and consolidation of the British Empire. Emissaries from every Dominion are beginning to tour the other portions of the Empire, telling of the hopes and aspirations of the country whence they come and preaching the policy of Unity for the whole.

At this moment there are some fifteen Dominion citizens speaking successfully to big audiences in Great

Britain. Meanwhile some of the greatest and best men in the Empire are becoming associated with the movement, men like Lord Milner and Lord Selborne, Sir Leander Starr Jameson, Sir Joseph Ward, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir John Forrest, Sir William Russell, and Sir Robert Findlay; these and many more keen Imperialists have joined the Mission. The Dominions will have representatives on the Central Council in London, and this Council in turn will discuss Imperial problems and be a kind of unofficial Council of Empire. A Parliamentary Committee is already formed, the duty of which is to watch all questions of Imperial interest in the Imperial Parliament and to receive instructions and suggestions from the Council of the Mission.

This is not all. The Imperial Mission is bent on fighting. The Unity of the Empire, Co-operation in Defence and Reciprocity in Trade are of more than academic interest. They are worth fighting for, and the Mission delivers an ultimatum to candidates for Parliament on these questions. Oldham was their first opportunity, and Mr. Dennis was the candidate who supported the Mission. This was a good start. In South Somerset, also, Mr. Herbert enthusiastically declared for the objects of the Mission, and very numerous meetings have been held on his behalf addressed by Imperial Mission speakers.

It is regrettable that so far Liberals in the Old Country cannot accept the Mission's programme. The President of the New Zealand section is the Liberal Premier, and in Australia and Canada there are members of every party almost in equal numbers. French Canadians, Dutch South Africans, and Maltese—all are rallying to the Mission. The prominent Liberals of the Mother Country alone hold aloof.

If one part of the Imperial policy has been made a party question, despite Mr. Chamberlain's endeavour to prevent it, this does not mean that Liberals will always let their party discipline decide their Imperial feeling. Imperial feeling will one day sweep this country as it has swept the Dominion of Canada. It is not too late even now for men of all parties to join and make the victory a national one—the Imperial Mission is the half-way house where men can forget party and join in building the Empire.

THE CITY.

A MARKED diminution of public interest in the Stock Markets has been noticed this week, and as the nineteen-day account has had its customary insidious influence over professional speculators, business has fallen away to narrow limits. Generally the market factors have been of a negative character, while the weather has unquestionably had a depressing effect. The prolonged discussion of the labour position induced some sales of Home Railway securities by nervous holders, and although dealers adhere to the opinion that there will not be a national strike, they are not disposed to support prices. Traffic receipts are encouraging, but they are ignored. The shadow of uncertainty as to the future distracts attention from actual working conditions.

A certain degree of anxiety regarding the international position is said to have affected some foreign stocks; but a more potent influence was the selling of old investments to pay for new. The Chilean issue of £5,000,000 was very largely over-subscribed as soon as the lists opened, making another noteworthy addition to the growing list of successful flotations in the last few weeks. Chinese stocks have declined rather sharply, under a fresh flow of selling orders, which is only natural in view of the state of the country, according to all accounts.

Advices from Wall Street suggest that another attempt is being made to advance prices for the purpose of facilitating bond issues. American bankers seem to overlook the fact that when European investors buy their railroad bonds they are impressed mainly by the security on which the bonds are charged, and the rate of interest obtainable, not by the quotation of the junior

stocks or by market pyrotechnics. Some of the cabled explanations of the market's firmness are amusing. For example, a bull point is made of the suspension of the hearings of the Congressional Committee to investigate the Steel Trust; but what difference can it make so long as the Government pursues its suit in the court to dissolve the Trust? The legal proceedings render the committee's inquiry unnecessary. Then a fuss is made of the increase of dividend by the Atlantic Coast Line Company. This is actually an unimportant general factor when it is realised that the money goes into the hands of a few big financiers, who, through a small "holding" company, control some millions of railroad capital. The Union Pacific report, excellent though it is, suffers by comparison with that of the previous year and does not altogether justify the eulogies of the Wall Street oracles. The parade of exaggerated bull points indicates that the big interests desire to see prices higher, but so far it does not appear that the public intends to assist them.

The East Rand Proprietary Committee's report has left a very bad impression in the Kaffir market. It is shown that the monthly returns of gold production made to the Chamber of Mines and to the shareholders were incorrect, and that some of the excuses made by the directors for the less satisfactory returns were grossly inaccurate. The most anxious apologists for the directors cannot explain why misleading information should have been published. It has also been pointed out that the impending reduction of the dividend was officially intimated in Johannesburg, but that the statement cabled to London omitted that most important intimation. The directors have for many months been hiding the fact that the original estimate of profits was excessive, and they have been trying to live up to a preconceived basis of revenue which actual mining operations did not justify. That such a ridiculous policy should have been pursued by an experienced and practical board is almost incredible, and it is not surprising that confidence in Rand mining practice has been badly shaken, although it may be hoped that this particular episode will prove to be unique in the Transvaal. Important changes in the executive of the company are expected. The disclosures have depressed the whole South African market, Rhodesian shares sympathising with Kaffirs in the downward movement, but it may be pointed out that shareholders would be very ill-advised to choose the present time to get rid of their holdings.

In the Industrial department London General Omnibus stock rose sharply again, not because the dividend announcement of 8 per cent. gave unalloyed satisfaction, but because it was shown that a larger amount could have been paid, as the net earnings were equivalent to over 15 per cent. on the ordinary capital. Provided that no effective competition arises in the meantime, the ordinary stockholders may look forward to an increased distribution for the year 1911-12, but before that the amalgamation with the Underground group may have been carried out.

The statement of affairs issued to the shareholders of the Bank of Egypt intimates that calls amounting to £12 10s. per share will be made next year. How much of this money will be eventually returned to them depends upon the realisation of the bank's unliquid assets. So far the liquidation has been excellently handled, and it may be hoped that an Assets Realisation Company will be formed by influential Anglo-Egyptian interests to take over the bank's remaining assets, the settlement of which may occupy some years.

SERVANTS.

By FILSON YOUNG.

ALL human relationships are interesting, and each has its own set of problems. The simplest bonds are those which Nature has established for us, which begin with our birth, endure throughout our lives, and are only soluble in the funeral earth or fire. Those are most complicated which are born of our own individuali-

ties and are founded upon emotions, which rise suddenly, as though by a miracle, and vanish again as though they had never been. And those are perhaps the most satisfactory which are simply practical in their origin, which are founded upon the dependence which one human being has upon another, and which rest upon mutual convenience and the performance of mutual service. Of this nature is the relation between master and servant, which, in its most intimate form of domestic service has always presented, and will always present, problems of a particularly delicate nature. There are many kinds of domestic servant, but for the moment I am considering not the humble "help" who lives on terms of necessary intimacy with an employer whose machinery of life is of the very simplest order, but that admirable class devoted by vocation and training to perform the duties and ritual associated with the more complicated forms of civilised existence. With these service is a profession containing various ranks, offering possibilities of promotion, positions of great confidence, and opportunities for a wide and various experience. Such servants live an ordered life which, although it is passed under the same roof, is entirely and startlingly different from the lives of those on whom they wait. They think differently from their masters, regard life differently, have different ideals of conduct.

The theorist who likes to pretend that there are no divisions in classes here interrupts me with "Nonsense! they are human beings, and have like passions with ourselves". Yes, Fool, of course they have; but they do not exhibit them always in the same way. The tiger and the wren have also like passions, but there is still a class division between tigers and wrens; and the fact that two classes of people so different in their habits live in such intimacy under one roof is what makes the relationship interesting and delicate. It is one of those relations which are entirely personal, and which least brook the intervention of a third party; and it is into this relation that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with what to plain men looks extremely like lack of knowledge of life, is attempting to drive the wedge of his insurance scheme. Our servants know us well; they see us at all hours; they surprise us when we are off our guard; they observe our daily habits and assist at the most intimate scenes. But we do not know them nearly so well. We never see them off their guard; we see them only when they are on duty, with their faces and tones composed to a certain impersonal formality; we see them only in relation to ourselves, and not in relation to one another or to outside life. They have, to me, all the charm of those domestic animals, such as cats, which adorn and add interest to our lives and contribute to our entertainment, but who have a separate and private existence of which we know nothing. You know your cat as a comfortable purring object sitting before the fire; but when he leaves your presence he enters upon an existence probably much more interesting, but of which you are quite ignorant. And so servants, who to their employers are a totally unknown and unknowable race, being divided from them by a deep, though not a wide gulf, are subjects of extremely interesting speculation. For my part, if I go to the house of a new acquaintance, I always look at the servants; their impassive faces tell me much about my host and hostess. Good masters have good servants; it is a saying as old and as true as the hills; and where the servants are careless, or bold, or impudent, or disrespectful in their manner to people in a dependent position, you will find all these qualities echoed in the master or mistress.

The servants are thus mirrors which reflect on their surfaces the lives of those who employ them; of their own lives one sees nothing. Perhaps it is just as well that one knows so little of their points of view or of their opinions about ourselves; nor are their secret lives necessarily as beautiful and well-ordered as are the ritual observances in which we encounter them. Those slim and well-groomed youths, with their dark hair and intelligent eyes and clear-cut features, who look like young gentlemen from the Foreign Office, have fortified themselves with beer in order to support the fatigue of

waiting upon you at table, and in private, I am told, their thoughts and conversation turn much upon Butcher's Meat. That reticent and discreet woman Madam, who is at this moment occupying herself so prettily with rolls of silk ribbon, is a very different person when she has descended to the housekeeper's room, and it would possibly make you quite ill to overhear what she says there. But her service to you is perfect, and your relationship would only be spoiled if, by any blundering accident, you were put in possession of her private point of view. A servant's point of view is generally very simple, and possibly terribly just. I once had a servant who had for many years been servant to a distinguished statesman; but all he thought it interesting to relate about him was: "He had a hasty temper, sir; sometimes he would be very ugly when I went in to him of a morning".

You see there the attitude: it is that of the trainer to the wild beast which he manages so well. You walk before the cages with the trainer, and he tells you the different qualities of his charges; how this one is good-natured and that one greedy, and the other one dangerous if not carefully managed; and then he goes in with his bucket and mop to the cage of the dangerous one and quietly performs his task, undisturbed by the occasional snarl of the creature whom he is attending. They understand each other perfectly; it is the business of the trainer to know the character of the animal well, to know when he means and when he does not mean to be "ugly", when it is safe to go on with his business and when it is wise to retire from the cage. And my servant was like that; one saw him in imagination pausing for a moment in the chilly corridor outside his master's room, bracing his nerves as the trainer does who opens the door of a cage. Sometimes the statesman would be "ugly when he went in of a morning", and the trainer never knows but the lion or tiger may be waiting this time to spring upon him when he opens the cage door; but in either case it is all in the day's work. The cage has to be cleaned out, the statesman has to be awakened; and with calmness, a quiet manner, a demeanour neither timid nor aggressive, and, above all, without any sign of fear, the most dangerous animal can be handled with comparative safety.

Good servants are indeed our trainers, and order and direct our lives more than we think. Not by command, of course, but by quiet and obstinate suggestion they can make us do much that they wish. It is they who determine at what moment we shall be awakened, what the temperature of our bath will be, often (unless we care enough about the matter to combat them) what clothes we shall wear and what we shall have to eat; they are about us, vigilant and attentive, all day; aware, from their full knowledge of our natural history and habits, of the slightest discontent or uneasiness, with the remedy for which they are instantly ready; and perhaps only at night, when we are safely shut up in our cages, do they fully relax themselves and turn their attention to more interesting things. For we, who are so interesting and important to ourselves, are probably not interesting to them, except from the trainer's or keeper's point of view; except in so far as our habits or temper make life with us easy or pleasant. The world may call you a great statesman; but what your servant will have to say about you is that you have "a hasty temper, and are sometimes ugly when he goes in to you of a morning".

But let some third person go into the cage with the trainer and his charge, and what happens, in nearly every case, is instant and total collapse of the entente that has hitherto existed between the two; the lion falls upon the keeper, or upon the third person, or upon both. The bond has been broken. The implicit pact that one should not take advantage of the other is at once disturbed by the presence of a third party suspected of reinforcing one side against the other. Is it too far-fetched an application of my little fable to suggest that Mr. Lloyd George, in stepping in between servants and their employers, is likely to provoke the catastrophe, if not to share the fate, of the third person in the lion's cage?

MR. GEORGE MOORE AND THE IRISH THEATRE.

By JOHN PALMER.

MR. GEORGE MOORE'S latest book, the first of a trilogy,* is, of course, more than a mere document of the Irish Theatre. It is true that we hear a great deal of Mr. Yeats and the Gaelic League, of Mr. Edward Martyn, and of Lady Gregory. But Mr. Moore is quite ready to talk of other matters. Thus, he tells us in his most intimate manner how at Aix he first learned "that the Romanesque windows are round and the Gothic pointed". As he observes a little further on, "it is not well in a book of this kind to omit any vivid memory", a sentence which thoroughly prepares us for his introduction to Madame Wagner: "There is no way of telling my impression except to tell the thought that passed through my mind; it was, But how is all this to end? Am I going to run away with her?"

These small things at first sight seem impertinent to the Irish Theatre; but Mr. Moore's view of the world and of humanity must be thoroughly grasped before one can hope to understand the Irish Renaissance. The spirit of his view is wonderfully to be found in his description of the company assembled in Dublin on the night when Trinity College and the Gaelic League dined under the same roof. "Some of the men had not taken the trouble to change their shoes. 'Perhaps they haven't even changed their socks', and to pass the time I began to wonder how it was that women could take any faint interest in men. Every kind seemed present: men with bellies and without, men with hair on their heads, bald men, short-legged men and long-legged men; but looking up and down the long tables, I could not find one that might inspire passion in a woman; no one even looked as if he would like to do such a thing. And with this sad thought in my head I sought for my chair. . . ." Possibly the explanation of Mr. Moore's depressing view of his fellows is to be found in the principle on which he chose his friends: "they were all collected for my instruction and distraction", he confesses. Thence perhaps Mr. Moore's terrible vision of life: "the dog on his hind legs is, after all, humanity; we are all on our hind legs striving to astonish somebody".

Now Mr. Moore's view of humanity is one of those small personal factors which Mr. Lecky was fond of showing to be so often decisive in the history of the world. It determined absolutely the future of the Irish Renaissance. Mr. Moore himself is quite aware of this. If only he had been able to take his fellow-creatures seriously, whither might not the movement have reached? There was a day on which he talked with two Irish boatmen on Lough Carra, "a decisive day for Ireland, for if I had learned the language from the boatmen (it would have been easy to do so then) a book might have been written about Carmody and the tinker that would have set all Europe talking". But alas! Mr. Moore's view and temperament were not of the kind of which history is made: "the impulse in me to redeem Ireland from obscurity was not strong enough to propel me from London to Holyhead, and then into a steamboat, and across Ireland to Galway, whence I should take a hooker whose destination was some fishing harbour in the Atlantic". Moreover, Mr. Moore's disillusionment and weariness of his kind had an accomplice in his inveterate modesty: "I am quite sure", he writes very touchingly on page eighty-four, "that nobody believes that he is in the wrong so easily as I do, or is tempted so irresistibly to believe that the fault is his if anything goes wrong with his work. . . . those who think badly of my writings are always looked upon as very fine judges, while admirers are regarded with suspicion".

Then how is it that Mr. Moore comes to be writing at all? Dujardin gives us the answer: it is because he

* "Hail and Farewell: a Trilogy." By George Moore. London: Heinemann. 1911. 6s.

cannot help it. "Moore is sad", Dujardin said. "He is always sad when he hears a subject which he may never hope to write." Mr. Moore, in fact, is the man of words, because he cannot get away from words. This is the secret of his superfine style: it is the thing that drew him and Yeats together; and the thing which drove them apart. "I pondered the question whether Orlando di Lasso was, or was not, a beautiful name, deciding at last that it was an affected name, and therefore not beautiful; whereas Palestrina is naturally beautiful, like his music. Palestrina! There is a sound of strings in the name." Well might Mr. Moore exclaim (and others with him): "The talent I brought into the world might have produced rarer fruit, if it had been cultivated less sedulously". For some other literary man might be found to say that Palestrina was the affected name, and that Orlando di Lasso was naturally beautiful, with the sound of trumpets in it. Then these two would have to settle their difference between them. Meantime there would be two stylists wasted in the world—nothing getting itself said by either.

We begin to perceive now why at this moment we are not all of us poring over a Gaelic grammar in order to be able to appreciate at first hand the latest masterpiece of the Irish Renaissance. Mr. Moore could not sufficiently interest himself in the matter. Returning to dialects was with Mr. Yeats a supreme act of faith. These opinions of his "were his deepest nature; but in me", writes Mr. Moore, "they were merely intellectual, invented so that the Gaelic League should be able to justify its existence with reasonable literary argument". Mr. Moore, in fact, could not throw himself with enthusiasm into this business of the Irish Theatre. He was interested wearily and under protest. It was under protest that he dashed about in a hansom that the Irish Theatre might be born, and not die before the first dress rehearsal. Once, indeed, we perceived a real chance for Ireland: it was when Mr. Moore and Mr. Yeats agreed to collaborate in a play that would undoubtedly have astonished the world, had half that was hoped of it been realised. But the language difficulty was insuperable. It must be written in Mr. Yeats' vocabulary—that was the stumbling-block. Mr. Moore protested he would sooner write it in French. Why not? asked Mr. Yeats. "Lady Gregory will translate your text into English. Taidg O'Donoghue will translate the English text into Irish; and Lady Gregory will translate the Irish text back into English." Mr. Moore's vocabulary would by that time be entirely purified. Mr. Moore began the French version, going specially to France for the purpose; but very soon he gave it up. It is a pity he was so easily discouraged, more especially as Lady Gregory had promised she would translate his version with all due deference to his style—to his style in French, of course.

Meantime it is a luxury of the imagination to dwell upon what might have been, had Mr. Moore been Henry V. instead of being Hamlet. But alas! it seldom happens that those who have the genius to be great have also the inclination. Why, after all, should we require it as a duty in our great man to give us masterpieces every day? Humanity, the dog upon his hind legs, is not worth a wrinkle of his brow. Shakespeare would never have taken the trouble to put Othello on paper if he had not had somehow to make a living. Milton wrote his epic merely to make a few pounds that he might be decently buried. Browning would never have troubled himself with the little yellow book, if he had not had an eye upon the publisher. No doubt Homer himself sang for pennies. No really great man ever seriously troubled himself about his fellows, or got in the least excited over an idea. Mr. Moore was right, after the fashion of Achilles, to stand aside from the ungrateful task that was offered him, the task of redeeming Ireland from obscurity. That should be left to lesser men at whose efforts, being but those of a dog upon his hind legs, the greater may be permitted to laugh as musically as they may.

THE NEGLECT OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

WITHIN a week or two the metamorphosed Tudor and Stuart Rooms at the National Portrait Gallery, and at Millbank the Stevens' Memorial Exhibition have been opened. Beyond the fact that these are official enterprises, in the nature of belated reparation, they have not the slightest connexion; so I will expend no ingenuity in tracing similarities between Maria Beale's and Alfred Stevens' art.

Of these two openings, that of the changed Portrait Gallery, I suggest, is the more important, because while the Tate Gallery exhibition is dedicated to one great neglected artist the attention the other gallery has received may mean tardy amendment to a whole school of art. A very striking and unique thing about the National Gallery is that it makes a serious effort to represent every school of painting but the English; there is no Dutch or French or Italian or Flemish painter too poor to be included, whereas the only painter of the English school, prior to Hogarth, who is seriously represented owes this honour to a mistake about his nationality. Surely such a situation is unique, and whether it is due to obstinate indifference or simple ignorance makes little difference. In French, Italian, Dutch and all those other galleries native painters are so carefully represented that even though in London one can get but the smallest idea of Pickenoy and Penni, by repairing to the Rijks (or some such place) and Rome, where these gentlemen were active, one acquires a first rate education in them. But an interested foreigner bent on studying the English School would leave the National Gallery convinced that we had no painters to speak of before Hogarth. The solitary Dobson, the feeble, untypical Lely and the little so-called Bettes are all the collection preserves of five centuries of activity. Over and above, and perhaps more precious than the portraiture of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries is the English Primitive School, of which so wonderful an example was reproduced in the October "Burlington Magazine"; but who can guess that such a school existed if he rely upon our national collection?

And as to the art of portraiture in the Tudor and Stuart periods, ça n'existe pas if we accept the presumptive evidence of the Gallery; and yet no country is so rich in portraits. To refer our inquiring foreigner to the National Portrait Gallery were transparently dishonest, because until a week or so ago that place's function was merely documentary; it was supposed to be no better than a record office for physiognomy. The very gallery itself, papered with the sort of paper one sees at commercial hotels in decaying little towns, sternly forbade the sensitive appeal of Art within its documentary walls; so that even habitués of the gloomy place, students and bookish people, barely perceived Art's gracious presence there.

Then by an inscrutable capricious providence, whose seat is somewhere in Whitehall, a distinguished artist and critic, the editor of a powerful art magazine, was dropped into this archive of likenesses. With him he brought a habit of thinking in art terms, and had the astonishing inspiration to apply it to the Portrait Gallery. A judge of pictures, he discovered that among his charges were works of art; the author of "The Science of Picture Making" (and incidentally this new work on Rembrandt), he seriously worked out why it was they barely struck one in that light; then, like any student of sociology, he took in hand environment. For such an enterprise Mr. Holmes was in unusually happy circumstances. He had a Board of Trustees with the sense to rely upon his superior taste and knowledge; more fortunately still, the chairman of that board and certain members of it are gentlemen of sincere interest in and sound perception of portraits qua art. Hence instead of battling with stubborn Philistinism Mr. Holmes was sustained by encouragement, and in Mr. Milner had a colleague whose wide special knowledge of iconography had never been permitted to strangle a private ambition for the Portrait

Gallery's artistic value. Thus has it come about that our English school of portraiture is liberated from a dismal documentary atmosphere, and piously installed in a Gallery of Art; and there is no collection in the country that equals its display. Overcrowded for the present many of the portraits must be, and associated with poor copies and worthless originals; but a chance has been given to every piece that might make use of it. The use that even very mediocre specimens actually make, in the way of colour and decorative science, is surprising; seen against a background for which they were designed they claim our respect as works of art. On the other hand, our homage is exacted by many portraits, Tudor and Stuart, on the score of beautiful interpretation and craft; on a sudden they have assumed the precious aspect that this was always theirs by right in virtue of their fearless austerity of temper and design and their aristocratic bearing. This especially applies to the Tudor panels, such as the Margaret Beaufort, the William first Marquess of Winchester, the John Whitgift, and the Nicholas Heath—indisputably English one would say. And among the Stuart portraits in this new-found art gallery, among the genuine Lelys and Knellers, whose craft no living portrait painters approach, Riley stands out with his William Lord Russell as one who in his way sought freedom and revelation through just that abstraction Rembrandt had worked out in Amsterdam a few years earlier. Let us, then, hope that as at last Stevens is incorporated with the art heritage we are nationally cognisant and proud of, so in time five centuries of English art will come in for reparation.

It has taken us some time officially to recognise what a master we have in Alfred Stevens—one of the noblest sculptors and certainly the greatest draughtsman of modern art. Absolutely apart from him in intention, Watteau alone of the moderns ranks with him. Both perfectly express their intention, the one's fragile, feminine and fugitive, the other's constant and static. In Stevens we realise what another great modern should have been; what, indeed, Ingres might have been, given a Florentine sculptural cast of mind. He aimed at what Stevens hit; but how far short of sublimity and plastic conception La Source fell, sinking in pretty demureness! Watteau's women born in the dix-huitième amaze us by their perfect candour and unconsciousness of sex; for them the animal in man did not exist. Stevens' concept of womanhood is as single-minded, less surprisingly because on a sterner and more god-like plane. In every aspect of his art his sculptural standard predominates; his treatment of form by line is more often a sculptor's than a painter's, his mental creations spring from a mind formed by static needs. In his majestic women of the Dorchester House Fireplace, the drawings and the portraits resides a splendid steadfastness, a spirit of inscrutable patience that shall outlast time and bear all burdens. Comparatively few of the drawings show the face, perhaps because his models were unsatisfactory, and their heads irrelevant to his inspiration; in one, indeed, an Angel of the Passion, is a curious Victorian character, wholly alien from the epic feeling in the body. But in the few examples of heads of women or of "Mercury," there is always this brooding superhuman calm, so that but for the portraits we might suppose Stevens incapable of relaxing to a humbler humanity.

His draughtsmanship, I said, is a sculptor's rather than a painter's. At times his drawings are no more than symbols of clay, or rather stone, rugged shorthand sketches of blocks and planes; very rarely is he interested in such things as Watteau loved, shimmering light, enveloping air, texture of flesh. Other drawings, such as Mr. Thornycroft's No. 41, are more graphic, showing an extraordinary sense of line exulting in the expression of subtle poise and twist yet within a conception and design of monumental nobility. This woman with bowed head is a symbol of immemorial endurance and calm sorrow, comparable with Michelangelo's Slaves. And yet another quality, perhaps more graphic than sculptural, is Stevens' occasional exuberance of motion; "A Queen Begging," as an

instance, gives us a sense of rushing movement that in this particular context is overdone.

In the long roll of English portraits none, I think, stands before Stevens' "Mrs. Collman"; were it exhibited with a picked company of Reynolds, would not the Reynoldses have to take the wall? Would not Gainsborough find his special gift borne down by Stevens' immense solidity and monumental repose, behind which lie depths of human charity and passion? And the portrait of a baby (No. 21), how unsurpassable as interpretation of a child's mysterious query and reserve! For a parallel I can think only of Matthew Maris' little girl, who gazes at us with the same searching criticism and detachment. Nor is it only Stevens' power of interpretation that concerns us; we have to recognise his rank as a painter and a colourist, an extraordinarily instinctive colourist. The handling of his brush and pigment, his sense of brilliant enveloping light, especially in the Mr. Collman, alas, so nearly ruined, are somehow much finer than a painter's, as of necessity is his sense of form.

THE UNSCIENTIFIC MIND.

IN these latter days, when Science has come into her kingdom, and is spelt with a very large capital letter as the one thing needful, it is useless to rebel against her. Nor does any sane person think of revolt.

But her votaries are too apt to treat the possessor of an unscientific mind as an entirely negligible being, a little lower than the idiot, and against this attitude he may be allowed to protest, for worms will turn. "Scientia", knowledge, appeals to all. A mind that has no desire to know, that feels no thrill at the discovery of a new fact, is a contradiction in terms. The most mindless animal conceivable will mop and mow in gratitude for his introduction to a new food (if he happen to like it).

But it by no means follows that a man should be expected to welcome all knowledge, whether he has a use for it or not, and it is a cruelty too often practised to snub a good game-shot for being quite unable to take an interest in the theory of projectiles. It is generally for theory, not for knowledge, that the unscientific brain has no room. Nor can such a brain be fairly called purely utilitarian: it receives gladly much information for which it sees no use. Delightful, for instance, is the man who studies birds. If he can talk at all as White of Selborne wrote, the ignorant can listen to him for hours, though they themselves do not know a nut-hatch from a bullfinch, and perhaps share the pernicious heresy of their gardener, who holds that all birds are vermin, eat buds, and should be shot.

Theory invades almost every province of life, from Welt-Politik to games. The plain man seldom takes much interest in Higher Politics. He can never understand why a State cannot be run on the broad gauge of Christian equity, and marvels much that the experiment has, as Jowett said, never been made. But a game he almost certainly plays, and he thinks he sees that theory has in a great measure destroyed the amenity of games. It may be that "Science" has improved the game of some men: it has certainly destroyed the play of many. That he knows, and feels sure that a theory would upset his play—be it at cricket or at chess. A certain intuition, which makes him an amateur in the true sense, and experience are enough to enable him to obtain such results as he is capable of. Theory he leaves to the masters.

The scientist (the horrid word is good enough for pretenders) in astronomy is his special foe. Apparently everyone thinks it a duty to be a scientist in that particular science, of all others the least attractive to a groundling. Moreover, the pseudo-scientist generally gives himself away by insisting on marvels of size and pace. Rows of figures suggest no idea to the plain man. Asked to wonder at the speed, 10,000 miles a minute, of a celestial body, he asks how big it is. Told that it is 5000 miles in diameter, he says, "Then it takes a minute to traverse a space equal to twice its

own diameter. I have known faster travellers". He perceives that his own conception of the planets as rolling slowly their appointed course is sufficient to him, and suspects the scientist of having got his figures from the last-issued number of "Answers". He therefore feels it hard to be treated as a benighted heathen, an "incurious creetur", because he does not study, but only admires the stars. Yet he too often is. The other day one of these irreclaimable sinners was praising a stanza in the "Annus Mirabilis", saying that it might be nonsense, but was glorious nonsense such as only Glorious John could have written. Promptly he was suppressed. "What do you mean", he was asked, "by 'our globe's last verge'? One would think you were like the witnesses in the Madagascar trial, and thought the earth was flat"! "If he be an infidel, it is as a dog is an infidel, because he has never thought on the subject." Why should he? Any shape is good enough for him, so he stick on. He cares about the exact shape even less than he thinks about it—less than the Dodo in "Alice". A meek man, he would not accuse a learned counsel of ignorance for holding the generally accepted opinion. The world, he supposes, is round. They, the scientific, say so, and they ought to know. For him to say he knows it, even believes it, is inexact; but he accepts it in public, and no more should be required of him. Not long ago, some genius discovered a flaw in the Theory of Gravitation, or thought he did. What matter? The unscientific would be master of himself though china fell in obedience to a newly discovered law. The new law would only be the old dog in a new doublet.

Man, attrite by long friction, is kinder to man than is generally allowed. "Homo homini lupus" may be true, for there is probably a conventional civility among wolves: "Lupus lupu homo." Anyway, man does not as a rule squabash another for not being interested in the same subjects as himself. Men of the same pursuits flock together and talk shop, and make an outsider yawn. But the angler among foxhunters, the golfer among footballers, the billiard-player among the votaries of chess is tolerated, unless he want all the talk. The just grievance of the man who does not care one ounce what the sun weighs is that for him there is no toleration. All with one accord fall on him, and tell him that he ought to care.

Nor is it a small part of humanity which is thus unfairly trodden down. Unless a man felt in youth a bent in that direction, the amount of "Science" to be picked up forty or fifty years ago at school and college was infinitesimal. "Stinks" existed, and he could take his degree in them, but by far the greater number of studious youth turned to other subjects. Accordingly, to-day the great majority of middle-aged men may be reckoned among the unscientific. Almost all take an interest in one art or another, if it be only the art of making money. Many—more, they sometimes think, than there will be among the seniors of fifty years hence—take an interest in many arts, and are glad to listen to "shop" from others. But pure Science leaves them cold. Applied Science they take advantage of, though they may not go Macaulay's length, who, in the essay on Bacon, almost says that "fruit" is the only test of philosophy, and that all others are cheap imitations, made to sell. Even if they prefer a lamp to electric light because they can see that threaten to go out, and a pair of horses to a motor-car because they know what horses will shy at, they are not, in polite society, scoffed at as utterly useless and hopeless. But if they "speak disrespectfully of the equator" or betray a lack of enthusiasm at the approach of a comet, that is too often their fate.

Is an absolute ignorance of astronomy the unpardonable sin? If so, the pastors and masters of some of us who begin to show the white blossom of the almond tree have much to answer for. They might have told us. But surely we, the victims of misdirected education, are deserving of pity rather than snubbing.

THE CONFLICT.

THE two wreaths kept us working late last night. The order had taken us by surprise in mid-morning with no spare time to be seen in the crowded hours ahead.

We were in the thick of gathering and weighing-up; there was the "van" to pack for the afternoon's journey to "town", and it was the last day for carting the leaf-mould we had bought up down at Horse-eye. Nearly all the emergency orders go to Surtees. He has more glass than we, and being within a mile of "town" he can always get plenty of white blossom when the houses run short. He has a character, too, for executing his orders by the clock. He can afford to employ good labour, and he pays his men well. His gardens lie, with never a weed nor a patch of waste, for half a mile in full view along the main road. At the same time, we have never disappointed anyone either for a wedding or a funeral.

We sat up wiring and gumming and setting last night between the lamp and the wood fire until nearly ten o'clock. Then the completed wreaths were taken into the parlour and laid out on the sofa, and we had an hour of freedom round the log fire with our porridge bowls and the morning paper. The extra hour in the close room made the dark freshness standing in the upper chambers more welcome than usual. I left my blind up and drew back my curtains. For awhile the fatigue of the hours kept me at the mercy of random thoughts. I could not loosen my hold upon the day. I thought of the finished wreaths, of their morning journey down to the village; of to-morrow's work with the three waggon-loads of leaf; of the next big job, the chrysanthemum housing not much more than a week ahead; of George waiting downstairs for the home-coming van. Gradually the night gained, and presently I could feel all round me the sleeping fields; for hours the countryside had slept under the dark sky. Now, into the midnight stillness was pouring a faint moonlight, showing me the shape of the leaves lingering round my window, pouring and pouring so steadily it seemed every moment as if the waiting night must make some sign. Now and again a leaf fell with a sharp smack on to the gravelled pathway. I lay in glad forgetfulness of all save the deeps of chill, sweet air holding a vision of pale fields and plummy poplars standing in the flood of faint moonlight.

When at last the rumble of the van wheels came from the head of the lane it brought no disturbance. Had not horse and driver been going for two hours and more easily forward through that same still night? They had left far away beyond the marshes the quiet bustle of town and their day's work, and had come deeper and deeper into the countryside. The rattle of the empty van, empty except for the week's groceries and perhaps a basket of beach-bought fish, lessened as it drew up the hill. Confidence neighed from the stable, and George's footstep crunched upon the gravel under my window. Half-dreaming, I heard the movement of the two about the stable yard, the stamping of cold feet, the creak of the kitchen door, George's step upon the stairs. Why had he kept his boots on? Why was he tapping at my neighbour's door? And at mine?

"Yes?"

"Ah, you're awake."

"What is it?"

"Well, I just came to see if you was awake—I wouldn't have disturbed you else", comes the low voice near the cracked panel.

"Yes?"

"Well, there's nearly ten degrees—me and George just been down."

"Oh!"

"It's just we're thinking we must put something over the cryzants."

For a moment I regretted my wakefulness, but it was good later to come down through the night and find the awakened group trimming the garden lanterns.

in the kitchen as they listened to the wanderer's tale of the sudden drop.

Good was the work with sacking and blankets, with newspapers and old coats, in the cold half-gloom of the garden. Good as we sat, two hours later, fresh and clear-eyed, round the revived fire, drinking steaming mugs of milk coffee, and eating the whole of Sunday's cake, to feel that the cryzants, our cryzants, were safe for the winter market.

What had Surtees done with his five visible acres of little grey plants and his men, all hired, living dear knows where round about? Perhaps he'd housed already? Not he—not this early. Besides, no one had dreamed of frost, and the drop had not begun till gone eight.

We heard the next day as we worked rather wearily at the housing of our precious plants. George had been past their way.

"There isn't", he said, "not above twenty of his plants ain't caught."

"H'm. They're saved goin' on about as many as what we've lost."

D. M. R.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BRETON PROTEST.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

26 Rue Geoffroy L'Asnier, Paris,
20 November 1911.

SIR,—What Monsieur Dimnet, or yourself, in a recent article is pleased to call "A Comic Revolt" is no more nor less than one of the noblest manifestations of the times.

A sculptor having to commemorate the union of Brittany with France has given in his monument a humiliating posture to the Duchess Anne. At Chenonceaux, at Nantes, at Amboise, in fact in all the Châteaux of the Loire, the coupling of the ermine and the porcupine say plainly that Brittany gave herself freely, and that the suzerain king was proud and grateful.

The Bretons have protested, and this is what Monsieur Dimnet calls a "strange incident". It would have been strange had they not protested.

The love and respect that a man bears for his province, for his district in that province, for his village in that district, for his house in that village, are sentiments both logical and human. The mediæval times founded their whole social organisation on such sentiments, transmitting the principles of authority according to an established hierarchy, which went from the chief or head of the family to the king, by means of the duke and his barons.

This is what a hundred years of revolutions has been unable to destroy in that country. We call it patriotism, and it is the only arm we possess to fight against individualism, socialism and other modern monsters that are striving to equalise everything by mediocrity.

Of the character and success of the contest nothing can be said here, the object of this letter being merely to assure you that if it is pleasing to see proud and generous men manifest themselves for their ideal, it is equally painful to see one of their fellow citizens jeering at them in a foreign periodical.

Yours very truly,
CHARLES HUARD.

REDISTRIBUTION OR PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

179 S. Stephen's House, Westminster Bridge S.W.
21 November 1911.

SIR,—May I have the privilege of replying to Major Morrison-Bell's letter in last week's SATURDAY REVIEW,

and at the same time to thank you for permitting this discussion to take place in your columns?

Major Morrison-Bell proposed redistribution on a basis of equal single-member areas on the ground that this would secure one vote, one value. I showed that he was mistaken. He replied that he used the expression "one vote, one value" in the sense in which it is popularly understood, and urged in justification of his campaign that Home Rule had not been submitted to the country and that it was being pushed forward under the blank-cheque theory of government. I showed that the blank-cheque theory of government is the direct outcome of single-member areas, and that were we to have a new election under Major Morrison-Bell's plan the elector would be compelled to give a blank cheque to one or other of the two possible governments. I added that the figures showed that the probable effect of his scheme would be to add substantially to the Government's majority in Great Britain.

Major Morrison-Bell now questions the value of my forecast, and I am willing to go so far with him as to admit that the result of any appeal to the country with single-member areas is so much a matter of chance that any result is possible; a minority may easily obtain a majority of the seats. It can, however, be fairly argued that if redistribution is carried out impartially the party which is predominant in those constituencies which are under-represented will obtain an advantage and my forecast assumed that redistribution would be carried out impartially. The figures show that it is the Ministerial constituencies which on the average are under-represented. Further, should redistribution be carried out unfairly, i.e., should the boundaries of the new constituencies be influenced by the reports of party agents, the new scheme may possibly give an even larger majority to the Government.

To sum up, if Major Morrison-Bell desires "one vote, one value"; if he desires to strike a blow at the blank-cheque theory of Government; if he desires to render gerrymandering of no avail; if he desires to enable electors to exercise the franchise intelligently, then he must couple with his scheme of redistribution that of proportional representation.

Major Morrison-Bell, however, puts this latter reform on one side as unattainable. On what grounds? The system was introduced into the Transvaal at a few months' notice. The Press, candidates and electors immediately adapted themselves to the requirements of the new law, and so successful has been the working of the system that it is recognised by all that proportional representation has come to stay. The system could be introduced into this country with equal facility and, as Lord Grey said last Monday, the proposed franchise changes makes its adoption a question of the most urgent and pressing importance.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

JOHN H. HUMPHREYS.

Hon. Sec. the Proportional Representation Society.

CHURCH AND PARTY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Now that the Tory party has thought fit to set at its head a Presbyterian and an Orangeman—one whose sturdy Protestantism satisfied even the "Church Association" at the Bootle election—Churchmen, who have, moreover, noted Mr. Asquith's excellent ecclesiastical appointments, will realise that Tory return to power will also mean a return to the Campbell-Bannerman régime in Church matters. There are many things more valuable than Establishment; and to me at any rate it is now obvious that Tory enthusiasm on this subject is a mere electioneering dodge. I have voted Tory all my life, but now I shall set Church above party and transfer my vote to the Liberals. Many others will do likewise.

M.A. (Oxon).

"THE AMATEUR SOLDIER AGAIN."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Andalusia, November 1911.

SIR,—I imagine that all who read Mr. Childers' "Arme Blanche" must have become aware of the fact that he had served in one of our irregular levies in South Africa. This was highly commendable on his part, and all soldiers are grateful for such amateur efforts to assist at a pinch. But what we are not grateful for is that a man, after his own crude military experiences of horse and rifle in an abnormal class of warfare against irregulars similarly armed, should set himself up as an authority to teach our cavalry—an arm about which his writings prove he knows nothing—how to fight in the regular warfare of the future.

When his first book came out, it was suitably dealt with by the "Times", the SATURDAY REVIEW, the "Cavalry Journal", and some few others, though Mr. Childers received no small encouragement from several reviewers who, like the man in the street, were ignorant of cavalry and its rôle in war. Mr. Childers then returned to the attack in his second book, which he rather adroitly named so as to arouse British prejudice against cavalry methods "made in Germany", irrespective of their military value. I wrote to you that in my opinion this book was not worth reviewing or of serious consideration, since it contained nothing but a re-hash of the old arguments, selected "examples" and slipshod conclusions based on these. Subsequently I received such strong independent corroboration of this view from the officer whose opinions I cited (and whose admirable cavalry work in peace and in war is known to all professional soldiers) that I sent you the notice you dubbed aptly "The Amateur Soldier Again".

The intelligent public will hardly be much impressed to learn that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is a supporter of Mr. Childers' views. Certainly they will not take him as a guide in such a highly technical matter as cavalry tactics, even though Sir Arthur has won his own Spurs. His true reputation is as a writer of fiction. Many have read his story of "The Great Boer War". Neither is it conclusive that he has now found one who wears the D.S.O. to agree with him. The Distinguished Service for which the Order is granted varies from leading a cavalry charge to the duties of a railway stationmaster or the Militia occupation of a block-house. Sir Conan Doyle ought to say whether or not this officer's D.S.O. was given for cavalry service.

Soldiers note with amusement and edification how much impressed the general public seem to be with amateur criticism of military matters. Why do not these two masters of fiction start a cavalry school of their very own, engaging the services of the "D.S.O." in question? How the cavalry generals of all the military Powers would flock to it!

Your obedient servant,

YOUR REVIEWER.

"A SHEEP IN WOLF'S CLOTHING."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—"A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing" was written by my father, the late Tom Taylor, and not by William Makepeace Thackeray, as was stated in your article of 4 November on page iii. of the Supplement. I have been greatly annoyed by finding my father's lines on the assassination of Abraham Lincoln attributed to Shirley Brooks in Mr. Spielmann's "History of Punch", and I naturally do not wish any more of such mistakes to pass uncorrected.

Yours faithfully,

T. WYCLIFFE TAYLOR.

[Our correspondent would perhaps like to know that this mistake is made in Mr. Charles Whibley's "Life of Thackeray". What Thackeray really did write was "The Wolves and the Lamb".—ED. S.R.]

REVIEWS.

CABINET GOSSIP.

"Recollections of a Long Life." By Lord Broughton (John Cam Hobhouse). Edited by his Daughter, Lady Dorchester. Vols. V. and VI., 1834 to 1852. London: Murray. 1911. 24s. net.

LADY DORCHESTER is at some disadvantage in publishing her father's diaries of the years between 1834 and 1852 from the fact that she has to follow Charles Greville and many others along a track as well beaten as any in English history. If there is a period of politics that has been laid bare to the bone it is that of the first Reform Bill and the Repeal of the Corn Laws. Peel, Croker, Gladstone, Cobden, Aberdeen, Graham, Sidney Herbert, Brougham, Russell, Granville, Palmerston—the lives and letters of all these great men have long ago been published, so that there is little or nothing left to say about the early Victorian era. Sir John Hobhouse wrote very freely in his diaries about the Whig Cabinets at which he assisted: and the one thing which must strike everyone who reads these volumes is how little there is in these so-called Cabinet secrets which is not known to all the world the next day or the day after! Sir John Hobhouse, though not a very important person in the House of Commons, was a cultivated gentleman, who was a good judge of men's characters and brains. And having been intimately acquainted with the many great statesmen who adorned the Augustan age of Parliament, his impressions, as set down in these two volumes, are very well worth reading. He disliked Lord Grey, Lord Durham, and Sir Robert Peel: and he liked Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, and Disraeli, with whom he sympathised in his ferocious attacks on Peel. It is clear that Lord Grey—the Charles Grey about whom Macaulay was so enthusiastic—retired from the task of government out of mere pique, and sulked for the remainder of his days. Hobhouse remarks more than once that Lord Grey's eminence was an instance of how far a man can go in this country with mere fluency of speech and an arrogant manner: and we think the judgment, though harsh, was justified. The first Lord Grey had an imposing carriage and plenty of pompous words. But he contributed not one single idea or happy phrase to the momentous changes of which he was the nominal instrument.

Hobhouse describes a rather comical rubber of whist at Buckingham Palace, in which the Duchess of Kent (the Queen's mother) and Lord Byron (not of course the poet) played against Lord John Russell and himself. The Duchess of Kent, who seemed confused and whose hand was played for her by a courtier, won the rubber. "Russell had to pay her eight shillings, and he put down a sovereign. She gave him nine shillings, saying 'I believe that is right'." He smiled, and took his change; but did not seem pleased with this specimen of Royal arithmetic." As Lord John Russell was notoriously pinched for money, this is a good story. There is another about Sir Robert Peel, which will astonish those who only know him as an austere personage. "At the House of Commons to-day Peel spoke, and joked, and laughed at his own jokes. He was much cheered, except by Lord Stanley, who hung down his head, as if aware that his leader was exposing himself. I thought Peel a little the worse, or the better, for wine. He was dressed as for a lady's party, and had come in very late. At last, when he had said something very absurd, I could not help saying, across the table, 'My dear Sir Robert', which he took very good-naturedly, and laughed heartily." This was in 1838: but Peel's spirits were soon to be overclouded by the break-up of his party by Disraeli and Bentinck on the question of Free Trade. Peel was terribly punished in 1845 and 1846 for two mistakes which party leaders are very prone to commit in all ages—he overlooked, or ignored, a genius, because he did not like him, and he changed his opinion on a capital question without taking his party into his confidence. If Peel had given Disraeli a place in his Government, and if he had called his party

together and frankly told them he had changed his mind about the Corn Laws, he would in all probability have been in office for the remainder of his life. But he did not like Disraeli; his prim English nature shuddered at the foreign name and appearance; and he chose to let his party know that he had changed his policy by an announcement in the "Times". It was the same mistake that Charles Fox made when he kept Burke out of the Coalition Cabinet in 1782. Genius has a way of taking a terrible revenge for neglect. Burke broke up the Whig party, and kept Fox out of power for the rest of his life. Disraeli split the Tory party and ruined Sir Robert Peel. It was the same mistake that Gladstone made in 1886. He chose to change his mind about Home Rule without telling his party, and he ignored Mr. Chamberlain. It was the same mistake that Mr. Chamberlain made in 1903, when, without any previous warning, he declared for Tariff Reform. Both Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain had long revolved their change of policy in their own minds: but they both sprang the change upon their followers without preparation, and English gentlemen will not stand that. Peel's manners, always shy and awkward, seemed to have been completely soured by the defection of the Protectionists. After Peel had made a successful speech Hobhouse crossed the floor to tell Sir George Clerk so. Clerk urged Hobhouse to congratulate Peel himself: but Hobhouse asked Clerk to convey the message from an opponent. "Damn him", said Clerk, "he would kick (or turn) me away if I dared to speak to him". The Duke of Wellington told his son, Lord Douro, that he overtook Peel riding down Constitution Hill, and made some remarks to him about Government business. Peel answered never a word, and only when they were parting at Whitehall did he condescend to say "Good-day, Duke". Surely a party leader never carried arrogance farther than that. Lord Dalhousie was not an exacting or an ill-natured man: he told Hobhouse that "Peel had broken up his own Cabinet, and had no claims upon him. He spoke in terms of great dissatisfaction of Peel; said he had no friends in the Cabinet and consulted nobody. As for himself, he had to manage the business of the House of Lords almost alone, and yet Peel never gave him a word of thanks or encouragement, but treated him like a schoolboy, as he did others". We have heard much the same sort of thing said of a more modern Conservative leader. It is strange that men who have the ability to lead a party in public will not pay attention to the business side of party management, and will not exert themselves to be civil to those who slave away in order to keep them in office.

Hobhouse tells the well-known story about Brougham hoaxing the newspapers by inserting an account of his being killed in a carriage accident. Brougham was ashamed of the joke, and always denied that he was its author. Nobody but a Royal Duke (of Cambridge) would have dared to say to Brougham "Eh, eh! So I hear you killed yourself and wrote an account of your own death". On which Brougham said he should like to have proofs of that. On which H.R.H. replied: "No proofs are wanting: you know you did". Royal Dukes have their uses. It is interesting to learn that after the conviction of the Chartist leaders, Crisp and Frost, the Whig Cabinet, particularly Melbourne and Hobhouse, were in favour of hanging them. This contrasts with the sympathetic attitude towards Chartism taken up by Disraeli in "Sibyll". At the general election of 1847 Macaulay, as is well known, was defeated at Edinburgh, though he was a member of the Cabinet. Very wisely Macaulay took that opportunity of quitting politics, and said to Hobhouse, as they walked away together, in 1848, "Thank Heaven, that's my last Cabinet". He added that he had "a fondness for literature above all other pursuits, and as he could indulge it without the trial or anxiety of those who write for bread or rivalry, he preferred devoting himself to it to continuing in office. He said that after his opinions and modes of thinking, it was very difficult to gain and to keep a popular constituency. He could not keep Leeds or Edinburgh, he

did not like to represent a patron either; in short, politics did not suit him". Our literature owes a deep debt of gratitude to the politicians of Leeds and Edinburgh. It is much to Hobhouse's credit, and shows his true liberality of mind, that he should have invited Mr. and Mrs. Disraeli to stay with him at Erle Stoke in days when the couple were by no means "bien vus" socially. Lord John Russell asked the Queen to make Sir John Hobhouse a peer on going out in 1852, and the title of Broughton was chosen. Lord Lyndhurst, with a want of tact quite unusual in him, complimented the new baron on "a very honourable termination of his career". Lord Broughton did not die till eighteen years later, in 1869, when Disraeli composed his epitaph.

"ERE ENGLAND'S GRIEFS BEGAN."

"The Village Labourer, 1760-1832." By J. L. and B. Hammond. London: Longmans. 1911. 9s. net.

THE man who can read this "Study in the Government of England before the Reform Bill" with an easy mind is not to be envied. The story of the fraud and force by which the labourers were oppressed during the enclosure of the commons and the machine-breaking disturbances in the hard times after Waterloo rouses something of the feeling of sickness at the horror of man's dealings with man which comes when we think, in our own serenely happy period, of witch-finding, of judicial torture, of the solitude which the conquerors make among the barbarians and call it peace. The picture of the wrongs inflicted on the villagers under the machinery of the law and the Legislature is here set before us in such solid blackness of shade as may suggest to a cautious reader that it suffers from a touch of that very common vice in modern polemics, proving too much. The conjecture comes almost instinctively that something must have dropped out of the reckoning, something rather more subtle than the authors' expedient of universal poaching, or the race would have absolutely died out in the chaos after the breakdown of the "Speenhamland remedy" of unlimited relief from the rates. If the evidence of Cobbett is to be admitted for an abyss of misery causing the outbreaks which began at Battle and Brede, is he to be put out of court when he writes in 1823 "I have seen no wretchedness in Sussex"; when he tells us of the bacon-fed turnip-hoers at Eastdean, of the labourers who will have a meat-pudding and will have a fire; and when he stops to admire the gardens "neat and full of vegetables of the best kinds", the walks and flower-borders about the cottages, the honeysuckles and roses trained over the doors? But whether the facts be accepted with or without qualification, the open-minded reader will be moved to ask why they are presented with a show of feeling which may fairly be called rancorous. There is room indeed for a good deal of generous temper in the recital; allowance is easily made on this score for the rather unfortunate rhetorical flourishes which here and there diversify the text. (If a pheasant under the game laws must be "golden", was there no gunning friend to save the authors from making the wicked squire "put a bullet through its purple head"? or good genius of restraint to blue pencil the reference to Cobbett's six hours' speech at his trial, which divided the jury equally, as "volleyed thunder"? But apart from these accidents of knowledge or taste, what end is served by this post-mortem animosity, these acid sneers against the parsons of a century since, this vilipending of defunct squires and forgotten placemen, unless it is all meant to have a modern application? The practice of seriously kicking dead lions, or dead dogs, as a sort of reflex correction of their putative descendants to-day, has become a marked character of the more philosophical Radicalism when it turns to rural history. The waste of energy in these exercises of barren spleen is really tragic. To live in a state of mind which is always in a penumbra just behind the edge of daylight; to be always attacking deceased tyrants and decayed privilege; to be ever looking back to some

unenclosed paradise of an Auburn, ravished and railed in by one's hereditary foes, to which the race is shortly to be triumphantly restored: these are the energies to which the democratic protector of the poor seems for the present to be condemned. He cannot or will not go back step by step along the miserable uniformity of the poor man's lot in every age—vagrancy laws, Statutes of Labourers, the hunger that "Piers Plowman" dealt with, serfdom, slavery, the foundation of the old world. Busy in slaying the ghost of "feudalism", he cannot see the business-like tyrannies and thriving privileges which are the non-contentious, well-meaning, axiomatic elements of half our present rural polity, and which will be one day the horrid example of one more generation of just-too-late reformers.

The best hope of deliverance for the rustic—who still really exists somewhere outside all the pother of "progressive enactments" and party "scores"—lies in the chance that we may tire of vast schemes of impossible improvement and become content to try the manageable and hitherto quite neglected mean. We may learn to deal with England's griefs as they happen to be, indulging no fancies of what the country will be like when we have carried all our Bills, or what it was before those griefs began. Our authors gravely quote Goldsmith and Crabbe together as authorities on the happy and the unhappy village respectively. They might have remembered that the sterner bard of the pair has expressed his own view of such a collocation in a dozen lines of "The Parish Register", which conclude:—

"Vain search for scenes like these! No view appears,
By sigh unruffled or unstained by tears;
Since vice the world subdued and waters drown'd,
Auburn and Eden can no more be found."

THE SEYMOURS.

"The Seymour Family." By A. Audrey Locke. London: Constable. 1911. 6s. net.

ALTHOUGH the family of Seymour cannot claim such a noble descent as the Courtenays, a family which counts an Emperor of Constantinople among its forebears, there are few whose name appears so often in English history. Tradition would trace their descent from a certain Guy de St. Maur, who followed the Conqueror from the little village of St. Maur-sur-Loire in his expedition to England. However that may be, it is in the first half of the thirteenth century that we find a William St. Maur, who married a daughter of the powerful William Marshal Earl of Pembroke, and was settled at Penhow, in Monmouthshire. Thence the family removed to Wolf Hall, in Wiltshire, which Roger had gained by marriage, and there Sir John St. Maur, or Seymour, was living having been knighted by Henry VII. for good service against the Cornish rebels in 1497, when his daughter Jane attracted the attention of Henry VIII. The fortunes of the family both good and evil were, like the house of Habsburg, now based on their marriage alliances. Jane herself died in giving birth to Edward VI. Her elder brother, the Protector, owed his meteor-like supremacy to his relationship to the young King, and the fall of her second brother, Thomas Lord Seymour of Sudeley, was partly due to his marriage with Katherine Parr, the widow of his brother-in-law King Henry. Alliance with royalty had thus far given greatness, with its dangers, to the Seymours. It was otherwise with their descendants, and it is difficult to explain the infatuation of the son of the Protector, Edward Earl of Hertford, and of his grandson, William Seymour, in their marriages with Katherine Grey and Arabella Stuart. Katherine was the sister of Lady Jane Grey, who had fallen in the common ruin of her husband, Guildford Dudley, and his father, the Earl of Northumberland, and, barring the Scottish line, stood nearest to the throne after Elizabeth. The claim of Arabella Stuart, though not so good, was sufficient to arouse the jealousy of the suspicious James I. Both the marriages were clandestine, and both brought

serious trouble. Katherine Grey was for a long time imprisoned, and died a broken woman; and her husband with difficulty obtained the pardon of the Queen. Arabella Stuart, after a vain and romantic attempt to escape with her husband, died in prison. Her husband, William Seymour, was more fortunate. In 1621 he was allowed to succeed to the estates and earldom of his grandfather. In 1640 he was created Marquess of Hertford by Charles I., and in the striking western campaign of 1642-3 proved that he was a general of great parts. For his services to the Royal cause he was allowed to reassume the dukedom which had been forfeited on the attainder of the Protector, and as second Duke of Somerset he learnt that Mars was a more profitable taskmaster than Cupid. His son, Lord Beauchamp, had died during the civil war, worn out by the hardships he had endured in active service for the Royalist cause and by a five months' imprisonment on a charge of treason. His grandson and great-grandson did not long hold the title, and in 1675 the dukedom went to Francis, his great-nephew, then Baron Seymour of Trowbridge.

With the passing of the dukedom from the direct to the younger line the Seymours adapt themselves to the times. The days of the heroic were gone, and any romance that remains was of a more private character. No longer were they to ally themselves with the Royal house or arouse the dynastic jealousy of their sovereigns. Their battles are to be fought in Parliament or in the service of their country, and their methods are those of constitutional politicians. When Charles Seymour, the sixth Duke, "the Proud Duke" as he was called, succeeded to the title in 1678 he had but a small estate. To this he made a great addition by his marriage with Elizabeth Percy, the heiress of the Earl of Northumberland. She brought with her six of the oldest baronies of England, and was mistress of Alnwick, of Petworth, and of Syon and Northumberland houses.* Although the butt with his duchess of Swift's bitter satire in "The Prophecy" and, according to Burnet, "so humoursome, proud, and capricious that he was rather a ministry spoiler than a ministry maker", he had considerable influence. At first in favour with James II., he soon quarrelled with him and welcomed William of Orange. In the reign of Anne he and his red-haired duchess played a leading part in the quarrels of the Duchess of Marlborough and Abigail Hill, and finally he was one of those who, by forcing their way into the bed-chamber of the dying Queen and prevailing upon her to send for the Elector of Hanover, frustrated the Jacobite schemes of Bolingbroke. Meanwhile his cousin, Sir Edward Seymour, descendant of the Protector by his first wife, Katherine Filliol, was an active man in the House of Commons. The Amiel of Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel", he was a man of much the same temperament as the Duke himself, and so proud that when the Prince of Orange asked him if he were not of the Duke of Somerset's family he answered, "Pardon me, Sir, the Duke of Somerset is of my family". His imperious manner, however, stood him in good stead when, as Speaker of the House of Commons, he presided over the fractious Parliament of 1673-8. He took an active part in the passing of the Habeas Corpus Amendment Act, and though against the Exclusion Bill was, like his cousin, in favour of the expedition of William of Orange, wishing, however, that he should be Regent, not King. During the reigns of William III. and of Anne he continued a member of the moderate Tory party. But his high-handedness and his boundless personal ambition alienated all, and soon after the accession of Anne he retired, a disappointed man, to his seat at Maiden Bradley, where he died in 1708. Sir Edward had himself refused the peerage that was offered to him in 1702, as there was every probability that the Dukedom of Somerset would soon fall to him or his descendants. But his third son, Francis, by the will

* The greater part of these estates however passed with the hand of Elizabeth, the Duke's granddaughter, to the second Duke of Northumberland of the Smithson creation.

of the Earl of Conway succeeded to the Conway estates on the death of his elder brother, Popham Conway Seymour, in a duel, 1699.* In 1702 he was created Baron Conway of Ragley (Warwickshire), and his eldest son, of the same name, was raised to the earldom and then to the marquise of Hertford (1750-1793). In 1749 the grandson of the Speaker by his first wife became Duke of Somerset on the extinction of the Trowbridge line, and thus all the estates and honours of the family had fallen to the descendants of Katherine Filliol, the first wife of the Protector. From that day forward the Dukes do not play so important a part in history as do their cousins. Of these the most interesting are Francis first Marquess of Hertford and his brother General Henry Seymour Conway, and Francis Charles third Marquess.

Of the two brothers, Francis, the Earl and first Marquess, and General Conway, the elder was a selfish man chiefly intent on personal aggrandisement. Appointed Lord of the Bedchamber by George II., he attached himself to George III.; was made Knight of the Garter in 1756, Ambassador at Paris (1763-1765), Viceroy of Ireland (1765-1766), and then Lord Chamberlain of the Household. This position he held till the final collapse of Lord North's ministry in 1782. Anxious above all to retain the Royal favour, he yet trimmed his opinions to meet the views of those in power, and played no decisive part in the politics of his day. His brother the General has perhaps gained too much fame owing to the ready and partial pen of Horace Walpole, who was at once his admirer and his chief adviser. He is best known for his attack on general warrants in the famous Wilkes case, his opposition to the Royal Marriage Act and for his speech against the Stamp Act, a speech which received the almost fulsome praise of Burke. He held the position of Secretary of State in Lord Rockingham's first ministry, 1765; took office under Pitt and Grafton, and again in Rockingham's second administration and in the luckless coalition ministry. He also served his country well in the campaigns of the Austrian Succession War and the Seven Years' War. And yet with all his gifts, his courtly manners, his courage, and his power of speech, he was, as Mr. Locke tells us, a capable soldier rather than a general, a brilliant and versatile speaker yet not a statesman of the first rank.

Francis Charles Seymour Conway, third Marquess of Hertford, the grandson of the first Marquess, has earned an unenviable notoriety from the novels of Disraeli and of Thackeray, who took him for their characters of Lord Monmouth and the Marquess of Steyne. Nor were contemporary wits more kindly to him. Tom Moore laughs at his red whiskers; Peter Pindar makes fun over the Regent's intrigues with his mistress, Fanny Wilson; John Mills in his "Follies of the Day" says he had "no redeeming quality in the multitude of his glaring vices". Although his early friendship with George IV. as Regent earned him the Garter, he played little part in English politics. Having married Maria Fagniani (Mie Mie), the child of three putative fathers, for her money, he soon deserted her and lived the rest of his life, for the most part abroad, in a whirl of amusement and of vice. The management of his estates and of his political influence, which was thrown on the Tory side, he left to Mr. Croker, the Rigby of Disraeli's "Coningsby" and the Wenham of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair". The best excuse that can be made for this marvel of eccentricity and of immorality is that he was probably, in his later days at least, unsound in mind. But we may remember to his credit that he began that remarkable collection of art treasures which, added to by his son, was finally left to the nation by Sir Richard Wallace, the natural son of "Mie Mie".

We have only been able to touch on some of the more striking members of the Seymour family. If none of them with the exception of the Protector has played a very conspicuous part in English history, their

names appear on every page. Whether of good or evil fame, they were for the most part marked with a strong personality. Perhaps the characteristic which is common to the family is that of ambition, though that ambition was often centred on personal ends.

Mr. Locke's book may be commended. It is based on the best authorities, and is written in a pleasant style with moderation and good judgment. But he should have given a genealogy; it would help the reader to unravel the tangle of names which a family history necessarily involves.

THE RIVER OF THE MARCHES.

"A Book on the Wye." By Edward Hutton. London: Methuen. 1911. 7s. 6d. net.

WALES and the Border were for the most part only discovered by the English tourist in the nineteenth century. The river Wye, however, or at least the portion of it that flows from Ross to Monmouth, was well known in the eighteenth, ever since Pope immortalised the "Man of Ross" and the poet Gray and Lord North sailed down the stream from Ross to witness the "succession of nameless beauties". In our own time Mr. Bradley has done much to revive interest in the history and antiquities of the district. Our present author, who has obtained a high reputation by his descriptions of Italian cities, approaches the subject from a new standpoint. Unlike Mr. Bradley, he is in his sympathies anti-Keltic, and now and again he obtrudes with needless heat his Roman Catholic bias. The book shows signs of undue haste in preparation—and even in the Hereford portion, which is the best, there is a bad mistake about the date of a church. But it is when he is following the Wye from Plynlimon through Radnorshire that we are most conscious of his limitations. The ancient British Church may have had its imperfections; but inasmuch as some of its saints have found their way into the calendar of the Catholic Church Mr. Hutton's sneers are from his own point of view a mistake. And it is hardly good taste for him as he stands beneath the ruins of the old castle of Aberedw to triumph in the death of Lewelyn ap Gruffydd and to extol the unionist policy of King Longshanks.

"Sunt lacrimæ rerum." In the valley of the Elan and by the walls of Builth the tragedy of the last and noblest prince of the oldest royal race in Europe dominates the scene, and for our author to utter modern political platitudes in such a place is as unseemly as it would be for a Protestant Liberal to make a special visit to the heath of Culloden for the purpose of giving a public lecture on the virtues of the British democracy. It is also strange that a writer with so much zeal for monasticism should neglect to mention that the Welsh princes were the warm supporters and friends of the Cistercian monk and the Franciscan friar. We must add that he seems as much a stranger to Welsh poetry as he is to Welsh history, for he writes as if he thought that the famous verses on the rivers that rise

"From high Plynlimon's shaggy side"

to wit, the Severn, the Rheidol and the Wye, were composed by Borrow. These verses, which Borrow sang "after drinking copiously of the fountain of the Wye", are only an English translation of Lewis Glyn Cothi, the Welsh bard of the days of the Roses' war.

The fact is that Mr. Hutton approaches the question of Welsh Nationalism from the standpoint of a Philistine politician. When he gets, however, on English soil, he writes as a man of culture should write, and his account of the history and topography of Herefordshire is generally good. The mode of journeying by water from Hereford or Ross to Chepstow is carefully explained, and full information is given of the best way to make the voyage and to negotiate the weirs which are a real danger to the inexperienced boatman. Those who desire to make the river trip will be well advised to study all that is here said on the subject.

* Popham Conway Seymour had been betrothed to the daughter of Lord Conway.

We have an interesting historical sketch of Hereford Cathedral and a wail over its present condition. "All the English cathedrals and abbeys I have seen seem to me to be like this, but I think I have felt it more in Hereford than elsewhere. The coldness, the frigid tidiness and deadness of these places, that were once not only the houses of God, but of man also, do not perhaps strike the Englishman from abroad, from Italy for instance, or from Spain. They are dead, their chapels are empty, or at least never used, their chantries meaningless, their very form is incomprehensible." There is truth in this criticism, and the regime of a Bishop Percival must necessarily have a depressing effect on a Catholic shrine. But there is another side to the picture. If English Churchmen were as indifferent to their cathedrals as our author assumes, how can he explain the fact that their free-will offerings have kept them in repair? Much cathedral restoration may have been misjudged. We cheerfully abandon Sir Gilbert Scott to his anathemas; but without question English Churchmen have made far greater personal sacrifices for the preservation of their historic shrines than have been made by any nations of the Roman obedience in regard to ecclesiastical buildings.

Of Ross and its man John Kyrle we have an interesting account, and Pope is quoted at considerable length. And then follows a pleasant journey to Monmouth on the water, and our author realises that in a sense he is back on Welsh soil. But he is not quite accurate when he says "Monmouthshire, though now legally an English county, is administratively outside both England and Wales". The fact is that Monmouthshire was constituted as an English county in the days of Henry VIII., and was generally treated as such for administrative and legal purposes until about twenty years ago. Since that time special Acts relating to Wales, like the Intermediate Education Act, have been extended to Monmouthshire. The county historically, and to some extent linguistically, has always been Welsh. Our author hits the mark when he writes that the finest thing in Monmouthshire is Monmouth King Harry's birthplace. But he should have written less rapturously of David Gam. He may have been the Fluellen of Shakespeare: but we cannot forget that he made a dastardly attempt to assassinate Glendower.

NOVELS.

"The Fruitful Vine." By Robert Hichens. London: Fisher Unwin. 1911. 6s.

"When you are in Rome", one can hear Mr. Hichens saying with a chuckle, "you may do as Rome does". He has learnt the soundness of the proverb by some of his earlier romances, and knows that though the self-constituted censors of our novelists' morals fight shy at cold-blooded immorality on the Thames they will not object to it beside the Tiber. Rome does, according to Mr. Hichens, pretty much as it likes in the way of morality, and what it likes is scarcely lovely from our insular point of view. He sets himself, however, with considerable skill, if not with complete success, to persuade us that, when sufficiently steeped in its non-moral atmosphere, an Englishwoman, on whose "goodness" he lays too much insistence, will behave just as immorally as an Italian, without even passion for her excuse. To have achieved, what, apparently, he tries to achieve, the keeping of our respect for the woman who sins to present her husband with a child, he should have constructed her of a different fibre; she should have committed her crime either from passion or with an absolutely cool-headed calculation. Dolores Cannynge has only as an excuse that her husband is fond of the children of another woman, who is the fruitful vine. Edna Denzil is passionately attached to her husband, and Sir Theodore Cannynge is devotedly fond of his wife, who, in consequence, cannot even plead a creditable jealousy in her defence. She tries to make her husband's Roman home agreeable to him—he is a just-retired ambassador—by crowding it with people he has no wish

to meet, and when that method fails, she decides, in the misty way of Mr. Hichens' women, that she must somehow or other produce a child, to keep him at home. Her dishonesty to her lover, the depth of whose passion she cannot pretend to misunderstand, is even more offensive than her dishonesty to her husband, whose too extensively advertised philoprogenitiveness did in a measure call for trouble. But Cesare Carelli, from a Roman point of view, did not deserve the treatment meted out to him by the lady he was so mistaken as to adore, and though he and his previous mistress seem, in the end, bent on persuading us that Rome is, in Mr. Hichens' eyes, as indifferent to manners as to morals, we sympathise rather with his ill-temper than with the heroine's complacency. The books shows no change in the author's methods. He is as diffuse as ever; without wrong one might call him "wordy". Occasionally an excellent phrase occurs, but his effects do not rest on excellent phrases but on accumulated detail, often tiresomely repeated, sometimes admirably significant, but too frequently suggesting the social chronicles of a society journal.

"The Lost Iphigenia." By Agnes and Egerton Castle. London: Smith, Elder. 1911. 6s.

The feverish circle in which the public performer is supposed to live has always for some reason or other excited the curiosity of outsiders. Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle once again cleverly exploit this well-known foible, and in a narrative plentifully sprinkled with bits of German and French admit the reader into the cosmopolitan world of grand opera. A good many of their notes seem to us to be forced—no doubt with the best dramatic intention. The stolid youth Sir John Holdfast—"Johnny", with a gag of "Oh, I say!"—who loves the beautiful singer Sarolta Vaneck with a dog-like devotion, tamely writes to her on the morrow of her triumph as Iphigenia "I thought you awfully good", thus giving to Madame Costanza the trainer an opportunity to exclaim "Oh, ces Anglais!" At the other end of the scale the great German composer Lothnar, to whom the devoted Sarolta is but an instrument in his orchestra, is shown making a theatrical bonfire of the manuscript score of his masterpiece amongst the wreaths on the premature grave of his favourite and only tenor. But what matters the overloading of the high-lights if it enables those whose plain English virtues approximate to Johnny's to congratulate themselves on the superiority of the same to artistic inhumanity and hysteria? It is all very well done, and of course Johnny wins Sarolta in the end.

MIXED BIOGRAPHY.

"The Life of Nelson." By Robert Southey. With an Introduction by John Massfield and Designs by Frank Brangwyn. London: Gibbings. 1911. 7s. 6d. net.

"The Life of James McNeill Whistler." By E. E. and J. Pennell. London: Heinemann. 1911. 12s. 6d. net.

"My Life Story." By Emily, Shareefa of Wazan. London: Arnold. 1911. 12s. 6d. net.

"John Boyes, King of the Wa-Kikuyu." London: Methuen. 1911. 12s. 6d. net.

"The Life of Sir Humphrey Gilbert." By W. G. Gosling. London: Constable. 1911. 12s. 6d. net.

"The Life of Paracelsus." By Anna M. Stoddart. London: Murray. 1911. 10s. 6d. net.

"Sophie Dawes, Queen of Chantilly." By Violette Montagu. London: Lane. 1911. 10s. 6d. net.

"Life of the Marquise de la Roche-Jaquelein." By M. M. Maxwell-Scott. London: Longmans. 1911. 7s. 6d. net.

"The Russells of Birmingham." By S. H. Jeyes. London: Allen. 1911. 12s. 6d. net.

Mrs. Story's "Early Reminiscences." Glasgow: MacLehose. 1911. 10s. 6d. net.

Not every kind of biography is here; but the list is a fair sample of the lives which pass continually from publisher to reader. We have, to begin with, a reissue of the classic life, as to which we are prompted first of all to ask—Who has written the introduction? Southey's "Nelson" is not a great book, or even an accurate book. But it has done more than any of the better and bigger lives of the Admiral to

form the popular idea of him. Southey did not know the sea well enough for his purpose, and he was too correct a moralist to deal fairly with certain passages in Nelson's life. Nevertheless, the book is a classic; and will be reprinted as long as Nelson is remembered, despite the volumes which, for the naval and military historian, or for the strict investigator, have replaced it. The second biography on the list is also the new edition of a standard work, but of a different type. Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's "Life of Whistler" has run through five editions in three years. The "Nelson" is a famous book, because Southey wrote it. The "Whistler" is famous because it is about Whistler. Of course, it owes the value it has to the care with which it was compiled; and the authors still keep the book level with fresh material. The new edition is revised throughout. This is the book for those who like good stories of the men of yesterday, and who have the love of an amateur for art and letters. The authors keep strictly to their subject, and their subject is Whistler, of whom the life could not fail to be alive, if tolerably written.

Entirely of a different kind are the two books which come next. The life stories of Emily, Shareefa of Wazan, and of John Boyes are of those who pass away into strange lands, breaking from the ordered life of their people, and making for themselves a novel destiny of their own. One went to Wazan as wife of the Shareef. The reason she tells in the simplest manner: "It was not till I had persuaded myself that life would be impossible without him." Her book is worthy of all the praise Mr. Cunningham Graham gives it in his introduction of the author to English readers. It is a "plain narrative of daily life", written simply and in good faith. Nothing is revealed in these pages to tear the veil from the sacred places of the East. The Shareefa has not exploited her position as one particularly able to lay open a side of Oriental life shut scrupulously away from the European traveller and reader. It is the straightforward tale of one who has lived in an exceptionally difficult position, and successfully lived. The story of John Boyes is of the same order—a story told of life in strange places without exclamation, or the least spice of exaggeration. John Boyes is the frontier man and exploring trader. His life is one long adventure. He is so used to being in the extremity of peril that he can speak of it as one would speak of catching a train, or dining at the Trocadero. His life is perpetual romance; but his view of himself is of a simple trader, with good years and bad years as the chief landmarks of his existence. Incidentally he tames, civilises, organises, vaccinates, and administers as King of the Wa-Kikuyu, who from their pictures must be one of the most fearsome tribes in Africa.

Our next two books draw the reader by glamour of a name. There is, here, an invitation to go back in time that we may become familiar with the lives of men whose names ring with promise of adventure. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who sailed for Newfoundland, rich in stockfish, the first-fruit colony of Great Britain, attracts one sort of reader as definitely as Paracelsus, last of the wizards and first of the men of science, attracts another. The lure is in the name. Both these books are written with enthusiasm. Mr. Gosling sets out to put right the injustice done to Gilbert by the biographers of Raleigh. He maintains, reasonably enough, that the fame of Gilbert has been put into shadow by that of his illustrious half-brother. Miss Stoddart also sets out to give Paracelsus a better name than was allowed him before Browning intuitively grasped some noble features of the man. Miss Stoddart's book shows signs of careful study, and is agreeably and quietly written. Both books fill a gap and were worth publishing.

"Sophie Dawes" is unfortunately a sort of biography more frequently published than any other. Sophie Dawes was mistress of Henri Joseph Duc de Bourbon, the last of the Condés. She is well known to French historians as "Queen of Chantilly". The author came upon her while making some researches into the history of the Orleans family; and she found a great deal of interesting matter which she thought it a shame to lose. A virgin field, the material to hand, and the chance to clear up a dark mystery at the end—it was too tempting an opportunity. But the history in the book is hardly worth the trouble of seeking it out; it is rather the book's excuse than its occasion. In striking contrast is Mrs. Maxwell Scott's "Life of the Marquise de la Roche-Jaquelein". This was the famous heroine of La Vendée, and her story is in the heroic style. One of the most touching tales in the world is that of poor Jeanne Robin of Courlay, killed in battle, and married, dying, to her lover in the thick of action. Such a story is in the key of all that Mrs. Maxwell Scott has to tell.

The last two volumes in our list are of the class whose interest is personal and local. Mr. Jeyes' book on the Russells of Birmingham fills a gap in the history of the city which no citizen should miss. The book is well written; it is an excellent memoir. There is nothing swollen or imper-

tinent. The Russells were driven from Birmingham with Priestley, and the story is told again of the famous riots. Mr. Jeyes follows the family to America; but, however parochially-minded the reader may be, he would hardly refuse to make the journey with them. Mrs. Story, of course, tells her own tale. It is first a tale for her friends and countrymen. After that it is a tale for anyone who can be brought to share her pious belief "that even in the most uneventful life there are occurrences which, if simply and faithfully portrayed, would be found to have a human interest far exceeding that of the thrilling and sensational incidents which fill the penny dreadful". Yes; but the difficulty is to pick out just those occurrences with this urgent appeal. Mrs. Story tells of a great many things that happened to her, and writes of a great many people whom she knew; and she writes simply and faithfully. The book has a certain freshness and innocence which for a few paragraphs succeeds in holding the attention.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"A Sister of Louis XVI." By Louis-Leopold d'Artemont. London: Murray. 1911. 7s. 6d. net.

The subject of this work, Marie-Clotilde de France, Queen of Sardinia (1759-1802), has never, it appears, been dealt with before in our language in so complete a form. Even in France she has been comparatively neglected and the bibliography relating to her is slender. Why should this be so, when her sister, the ill-fated Madame Elizabeth, and the other members of her family have been so frequently and exhaustively written about? Has she not been made a "Venerable" by the Church of Rome, in the course of years without doubt to be exalted into a saint? Why then the neglect? Because, plainly speaking, neither her life nor herself personally is interesting beyond the ordinary. To the student of history, M. d'Artemont's conscientiously compiled account of Queen Marie-Clotilde's life will have its value. It is clearly, soberly written, has a pedigree of the Bourbon family and a good index, besides a bibliography and good, appropriate illustrations—in fact, all the essentials for the student of a special period and family. But it is not possible for the average person to be absorbingly interested in a Queen about whom one only gathers the impression that she was unfortunate, pious, and fat. Marie-Clotilde had not the vigour and energy necessary to cope with the difficult situation, which ended in her husband being forced to abdicate by the irresistible pressure of the triumphant young French Republic. What then happened to the unhappy pair is hardly edifying or inspiring. They simply wandered from one place to another, from Turin to Parma, from Parma to Naples, from Naples to Sardinia, and back again, roughing it considerably, putting up at times with unwilling hosts, and enduring a certain amount of hardship.

"An Imperial Victim." By Edith Cuthell. London: Stanley Paul. 1911. 2s.

Under a strangely inappropriate title Miss Cuthell has compiled in two large volumes all that can be known about Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria, and the Great Napoleon's second wife. It may be technically correct to speak of her as a "victim"; she was, it is true, married for reasons of state, much as other princesses have been and continue to be, but she had the singular fortune to become the wife of the greatest military and political genius of the modern world and the mother of his son. He adored her and treated her with the greatest affection and indulgence, and to judge from her letters and all outward appearance she entirely reciprocated his affection. Yet she did not hesitate after his first abdication to enter into a liaison with Count von Neipperg, a hardened roué with one eye, whom she afterwards married. This is called by the author the "second sacrifice", but the "victim" entered into it with great willingness. It is true, if it be any excuse for her, that the whole sordid intrigue was deliberately arranged at Vienna, and forms a revolting episode in the drama of the struggle of the Kings against Napoleon, but this does not exonerate the lady. When she received the news of Waterloo her comment was, "I knew the news before you told me." I wish to ride to Merkenstein, do you think the weather fine enough?" This attitude may have been due to stupidity as much as to callousness. She did not rule her grand duchy of Parma ill, but she had competent ministers, one of whom, Eombelles, became her third husband. As an individual she was null, dull and good-natured; and it would have been better for her reputation to be forgotten.

"A Little Pilgrimage in Italy." By Olave M. Fotter. Illustrated by Yoshio Markino. London: Constable. 1911. 12s. 6d. net.

Colour books continue to improve—there is room for improvement—and this is a very fair specimen of its class.

Some of the pictures, such as "Siena: Torre Del Mangia", are decidedly engaging, and the artists' uncoloured work, too, is uncommon and sometimes full of suggestion. The text abounds in sensitive writing, a little too sensitive in places perhaps. It is the work of one who knows and cares for Italy.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15e Novembre.

General Delanne has an illuminating study of the condition of the respective armies of France and Germany in the war of 1870, though we should have imagined that experts had already said pretty well all there can be to say on the matter. The famous battle of Spicheren, the first overwhelming French disaster, might easily, he tells us, have been a victory had the commanders of the French reserve forces informed themselves, as the Prussians did, as to what the firing at the front meant. There were three divisions less than three hours' march in the rear totally unemployed. The French were only driven from their strong position late in the day by the constant arrival of the enemy's reinforcements. The General believes that to-day most of the grave defects in the French officers' training have been repaired, and that the army is now equal to the best among its rivals. He lays stress especially on the improvement in the "Ecole supérieure de la guerre". The officers issuing thence have leavened the whole corps. The creation of a course of advanced military studies for the benefit of higher grade officers has also proved a great success.

CRITICAL AND PASTORAL THEOLOGY.

"The Two Religions of Israel." By T. K. Cheyne. London: Black, 1911. 12s. 6d.

Dr. Cheyne in this book continues his treatment of Israelite history and literature from his own peculiar point of view. By means of a "re-examination of the prophetic narratives and utterances" the author sets out to prove that there were two conflicting religions in Israel before the Exile.

(Continued on page 682.)

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This, of course, is a matter of common acceptance, but Dr. Cheyne's method of presentation is all his own. "The great religious conflict," he says, "among the Israelites arose out of the question whether Yahweh or Yerahme'el (another of whose names was Ba'al) should be the director and controller of the Elohim or divine triad. The name Yahweh symbolised the progressive purification of popular religious forms, that of Yerahme'el a lapse into the materially attractive but morally backward or even worthless religious forms of Yerahme'elite N. Arabia." (P. 18.) In fact, the "N. Arabian Theory" is everywhere in evidence. The result is a new geography of the Holy Land, while Egypt, Assyria, Canaan, and Phœnicia are all resolved into N. Arabian localities or tribes. The Biblical writers are guilty of one "topographical inexactitude" after another. And, as we should expect, Yerahme'el is continually turning up even in the most unlikely places. He is never entirely suppressed in the conflict of religions, but, even after the exile, lingers on in the person of Michael the archangel! (P. 62.) Yet, in spite of this sad eccentricity of the veteran scholar, there are many interesting passages in his book. The treatment of the prophets is often fresh and illuminating, even though the existence of Moses is denied and that of Samuel questioned, while the development of moral prophecy from magical divination is well illustrated in the chapter on Balaam. Also there are numerous references to the most recent works on Old Testament criticism, and the author may rightly claim "to have kept himself abreast of the discovery of fresh facts". But it is to be noticed that most of the citations are from men who decline to be converted to Dr. Cheyne's theories. Moreover, as we read the book—and the lucid style makes most of it easy reading—we cannot help feeling that the passion for dislocation and readjustment evinced by our author in his treatment of the Bible text would find a less harmful outlet in the diversion of a "jig-saw" puzzle than in the serious occupation of Biblical criticism.

"Westminster Commentaries: the Book of the Prophet Isaiah." By G. W. Wade. London: Methuen. 1911. 10s. 6d.

Those who have used and appreciated Dr. Wade's "Old Testament History" have awaited with interest the appearance of his commentary on Isaiah. This book will be found to be well worth its place on the book-shelf beside Driver's "Genesis" and Rackham's "Acts". Dr. Wade has assimilated much of the voluminous literature relating to his subject, and supports the theory (first advocated in Germany by Duhm and in England by Cheyne, and now held with less and less reluctance by many English scholars) that the Book of Isaiah consists, in the main, of the work of three writers. "Immanuel" is explained as an actual king expected in Isaiah's lifetime, and the "Servant" is treated throughout as a personification of Israel as a nation. Views such as these seem violent and revolutionary to the unsophisticated, but they have long ceased to shock the scholar. That their acceptance is compatible with loyalty to the Catholic Faith, as well as with the deepest reverence for the Bible itself, may be seen in those sections of the introductory chapters which deal with the theology of the various sources. The notes on the text, where we have tested them, are marked by modesty, scholarship, and conciseness; all is clearly expressed, but there is seldom a word too much.

"The Book of Habakkuk." By G. G. V. Stonehouse. London: Rivingtons. 1911. 5s. net.

The prophecy of Habakkuk raises many difficulties. These are discussed and examined at some length in the first portion of this book. Then follows a translation based on a text which has been somewhat severely handled. The book concludes with notes on the original Hebrew which will be of real value to the student. There is room for more books of this kind, if they can be published at a similar price.

"The Records Unrolled: the Story of the Most Ancient MSS. of the New Testament." By E. S. Buchanan. London: Onseley. 1911. 2s. 6d. net.

Mr. Buchanan has earned the gratitude of New Testament students by the extreme care with which he has edited some important Old Latin texts; his editions of the Verona and Corbey MSS. of the Gospels are an achievement of which any man might be proud. The present volume, however, will not add to his reputation; it is an attempt not only to give a popular history and description of the principal New Testament MSS., but also to trace the gradual corruption both of the Greek text and of the Latin version. The work is uneven: where Mr. Buchanan describes a Latin MS. and its readings, or his own experiences in transcribing it, he is excellent; where he ventures into the difficult problems of textual criticism, he is less happy, and his confident assertions are a poor substitute for argument. He seems as incapable of comprehending Dr. Hort's position as was the late Dean

Burgon, though it is true that there is more to be said for his "Western" text than there was for Burgon's "Traditional"; but, to note only one point, Mr. Buchanan does not appear to have given a thought to the importance of Origen as a witness for the antiquity of the "Neutral" text. His book is also disfigured by minor faults: there are downright mistakes in his translation of Jerome's letter to Damasus; "Nitriensis" is spelt "Nitrensis" twice over (pp. x and 4); and as the Old Latin MSS. "q" and "r" are both assigned to the seventh century by their editors, it is strange that Mr. Buchanan, who has not seen them, should place them, without a word of explanation, in the ninth.

"An Introduction to the Literature of the New Testament." By J. Moffatt. (The International Theological Library.) Edinburgh: Clark. 1911. 12s.

The ideal Introduction has yet to be written. Dr. Salmon's was near it, but things have moved far since he penned his delightful pages, and his book is no longer as useful as it was. But Dr. Salmon saw one point which Dr. Moffatt has missed—that one of the first requisites in a general Introduction is that it should be interesting. It should not be too minute, but should show a good sense of proportion, and should emphasise the broad lines and main features of criticism rather than tiny details; and it should leave the reader with his interest aroused for a further study of the question. This he can always pursue in commentaries on the particular books; there is the place for exhaustive analyses and investigations. Now Dr. Moffatt has put all this into a general Introduction. He certainly has done it with a completeness that must have meant prodigious labour and is worthy of the highest praise. His scholarship is good, his knowledge of New Testament literature deep, wide, and well up to date, and his analysis of sources in the Gospels is so thorough that some of his pages look like a railway time-table; but he is not interesting. The beginner will soon find that this Introduction is not meant for beginners; the advanced student may like it, but probably he will already have obtained his information elsewhere. As to his critical position, Dr. Moffatt may be described as a fairly cautious liberal; he is conservative (as in holding the North Galatian theory) where we do not expect it, but he rejects the Pauline authorship of the Ephesians besides the Pastorals. These Epistles, as well as the Catholic, are relegated to the ever-growing collection of early Christian pseudonyma, and much the same fate awaits the Fourth Gospel, which cannot even be ascribed to John the Presbyter, as he is already wanted for the Apocalypse; for Dr. Moffatt persists, spite of Bishop Bernard's arguments, in believing that John the son of Zebedee was martyred at the same time with his brother James, only the author of Acts xii. forgot to say so.

"Aspects of the Holy Communion." By J. T. Levens. London: Macmillan. 1911. 5s. net.

Mr. Levens apologises for having produced a book on a subject about which so much has already been written. There is no need to apologise; it is quite possible for a large number of books to have been written on a subject without any of them being satisfactory, and we can emphatically say that Mr. Levens' work is most satisfactory. It stands somewhere between a scientific theological treatise and a popular handbook, but it is an excellent piece of work, the product of wide reading, careful thought, and a sober spirit of devotion; the author's doctrinal standpoint is that of a loyal English Churchman. In reading his book we have constantly found ourselves wishing that the average curate would study it before preaching on such a high subject; if he did, his sermons would cease to be average.

"Captains and Comrades in the Faith: Sermons Historical and Biographical." By R. T. Davidson. London: Murray. 1911. 6s. net.

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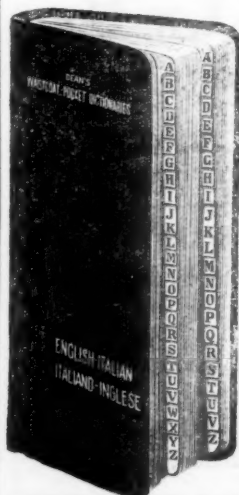
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SUPPLEMENT.

LONDON: 25 NOVEMBER, 1911.

MR. ARTHUR BENSON ON OTHER PEOPLE.

"The Leaves of the Tree." By Arthur Christopher Benson. London: Smith, Elder. 1911. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. BENSON indicates on his title-page that, like Amos, he is no prophet, but a herdsman, vellicans sycomoros. Sycomore fruit, or wild figs, is but a modest description of his own pruned and trained hot-house musings, and can hardly be meant for the eminent men, from Westcott to Matthew Arnold, whom he depicts so cleverly in these studies, reprinted from the "Cornhill". Such men, in their diverse individualities, are rather leaves manifesting the central energy of the tree of the universe. For Mr. Benson avows himself a pure determinist. "If", he says, "one really believed that our wills were free, the enigma of the pressure of sin and evil would be insupportable". Individual improvement is only a sign of the growth of a vast, hidden, collective world-will, gradually getting the better of matter and evil that were always there. But we wonder how often the word "ought" occurs in this book, or why the "practical work of those who are endeavouring day by day", etc., is praised as "noble". A determinist should no more eulogise a martyr for dying than a turnip for growing. Both phenomena are manifestations of a world force.

These speculations of Mr. Benson are not very new or interesting, and his general views about dogma and ecclesiasticism are only the usual thin and conventional schoolmaster latitudinarianisms. People are so much accustomed to that kind of thing from "sons of the Palace" that it no longer has even a succès de scandale. Mr. Benson is not an original thinker, but he has an accomplished essay style, often bursting into purple patches of real eloquence, and a keen and brilliant faculty of appreciative description. He has all his life been mixed up with people of intellect, position and culture, and looks out on life fastidiously from oriel casement and sheltered grove. We like him better when he is writing about those people than when he is airing his own superior views. Charles Kingsley, of course, he only knew in boyhood. He thinks he would have made an enthusiastic pirate, had he not been a parson. To say truth, the muscular Christian business—"ardent, manly, with that touch of secularity which England loves"—tended to blatancy and bullying. "He could not stand cruelty, or meanness; he hated the false priest". Well, so we all do, unless the meanness or falsity is our own. It is our innate Pharisaism. But Kingsley was a sincere Christian. Once he was accused of Romanism! The following is good: "No longer can we hope, as Kingsley seemed to hope, that the problems of the world can be solved if we only have a network of sewage farms extending over the length and breadth of the country!" This had nothing to do with the concealed clay pipes which Kingsley had placed all over the parish, in case he suddenly wanted to smoke.

Myers' style of lecturing is described as hieratic and liturgical, rather than oratorical. Liturgic emotion got into his prose-writing also, and spoilt it. "Myers appeared to me something utterly different from a wealthy and cultivated inspector of schools. I thought of him rather as something mediæval and lordly—a Venetian merchant-prince, perhaps." Of another inspector of schools, Matthew Arnold, it has been said that he believed in the well-known preference of the Almighty for University men, and Mr. Benson remarks of the "Eternal not-ourselves" formula that the ordinary man does not want to think of the Divine principle as a sort of electricity, of which the untamed manifestations are disastrous and the subdued uses beneficial. But is it not his own theory? Arnold was a "refined Whig" but a very poor letter-writer. He hewed the little vermin of literature to pieces, like the gardener—"I'll larn 'ee to be a toad!" It is a

grotesque collocation to find the essay on Arnold, who looked like a supercilious butler, next to the one on Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, who might have been a Father at Nicæa or Ephesus. Asked if the Bishop was popular in Lincoln, a resident answered: "As popular as a man can be three-quarters of whom is in the third century and the rest in heaven". He had a primitive simplicity—always kissed his Chancellor, even on the crowded railway platform, and blessed him with uplifted hand; and Mr. Benson remembers his preaching for an hour of a summer's evening to a handful of rustics on the Maccabees. Yet he had humour, as when he quoted Greek at a public meeting, and, seeing a blank look on the faces of his clerical listeners, translated it "for the benefit of the ladies". To Wordsworth the antique past was a noble pageant, a pomp of heroic, hierarchical figures, austere withstanding the world. With Lightfoot, on the other hand, "unimaginativeness almost amounted to genius". He brought to the investigation of early Christianity a sturdy, lucid and prosaic mind, fearless and candid, but neither mystical nor symbolical. In fact, he was "admodum Cantabrigiensis". Mr. Benson protests against the use which non-Churchmen have made of Lightfoot's view of episcopacy as developed out of the presbyterate. He distinctly taught that it was an apostolic institution. But the question is not how far episcopacy goes back, but whether it was a democratic emergence from below or apostolically commissioned from above. Lightfoot, who had learning but not ideas, certainly encouraged the former conception. Together with his great name that of Westcott comes into the mind, and Mr. Benson's study of Westcott is, we think, the best in the book. To his family he was "even more an august institution than a person". He said pathetically himself: "To some I am a cloud, and I don't see how to help it". He was a fog, rather than a cloud, but then it was one of those fogs, transfused with glory, which Japanese artists love to paint. There was an unearthly idealism about Bishop Westcott. "Building castles in the air", he cried once. "Where else should you build them?" Art which satisfied, he said, must be sensual, not spiritual. But it was this secluded student who brought about the conclusion of the coal strike. Mr. Benson thinks he exalted the "gospel of work" beyond what Christianity approves. We ought not to be always near to the throb of life's engines. "In spite of personal humility, he judged society hardly and austere", condemning aristocratic luxury, yet seeing no harm in middle-class comfortableness. The pastoral and missionary spirit was not strong in him, because his own levels of thought were too high and rarefied, and the lost sheep, he held, ought to have kept clear of precipice and thicket. In contrast with this picture we have that of Bishop Wilkinson, the passionate physician of sin-stricken souls, himself for years a prey to melancholia, and even afterwards, in his S. Andrews days, "giving the impression of a great battered vessel caught in the shallows". A more tragic sketch is that of "Jem" Stephen, of Eton and King's, the author of the saying that, if heaven lies about us in our infancy, that is no reason we should lie about heaven in later years. And though Mr. Benson depicts Henry Sidgwick—whom, though a second-cousin once removed, he oddly calls "uncle"—as an agnostic of exquisitely balanced and beautiful character, over him, too, he was conscious of a "shadow" resting. Another clever Cambridge study is that of Henry Bradshaw, whose will to answer letters was so paralysed that when a friend who had asked him to dinner sent him at last in despair two addressed postcards, on one of which was "Yes" and on the other "No", Bradshaw posted both. Perhaps the gem, however, is the sketch of that strange old-type senior fellow, Newton of Magdalene. Mr. Benson quite unnecessarily apologises for these "studies in biography", but especially for the Newton one, on the plea that the truth should be told about the dead. But they are not in the least ill-natured or "vellicant", and the little criticisms we have quoted are mingled with

large and glowing admiration. There are some curious observations, however, on the way in which these "twelve good men", or most of them, combined high-minded conscientiousness with wealth, fame, station and deference, leaving fortunes behind them, as though they inherited what Bacon calls the blessing of the Old Covenant. Is there not a false ring in Mr. Benson's description of the well-bred as "what may be called for convenience the upper class"? Why more "for convenience" than the "upper" forms at Eton? And we wish he would rise to a more intelligent view of Toryism than as a "drag on the wheel of progress" just to give it steadiness.

IN THE POSITIVE DEGREE.

"Autobiographic Memoirs." By Frederic Harrison. London and New York: Macmillan, 1911. 30s. net.

MR. HARRISON is a happy man; he is now eighty years of age, and "never had an illness to keep me in my bed a single day". We should expect to find in a person so ideally constituted by nature a cheerful and self-confident attitude towards the world, as we do. Mark Pattison, we are told here, "was mournfully pessimist and contrasted my air of confident life and hope with his own unconvinced and hopeless state of mind. Why did he ever write, much less publish, his Memoirs? It should be a lesson to us all". A lesson, as the writer admits, he has been himself the least ready to learn, otherwise he would not have embodied his not very thrilling adventures in two ponderous volumes, which contain very few original reflections or episodes worth recording. Mr. Harrison has led a strenuous and in many respects a useful life, but he certainly has not the knack of making it good reading. He gives us scores of pages extracted from his early letters to friends, on which he himself makes the very just remark that they are priggish productions. Any clever young man may be forgiven for pouring forth this kind of twaddle, but no old man whose faculties remain as clear as Mr. Harrison's can be forgiven for inflicting them on the world fifty years later. But there is a naïf self-satisfaction exhibited throughout these volumes which to the student of human nature causes a certain pleasure and excuses many dull pages. The entire absence of any sense of humour in the biographer would, with his excellent physical condition, explain at once his habitual "cock-sureness" and cheerful outlook. Mr. Harrison has always been, he tells us, comfortably off. He might have had a fine practice at the Bar, for the influence behind him was enormous. However, the bad air of the Courts and the tedious intricacies of the old Chancery procedure annoyed him, and he drifted into literary pursuits and general philanthropy. He did a great deal of very useful work for Trades Unions in their early days on one Rbyal Commission, and was secretary to another, of which Lord Westbury was chairman, designed to codify the English Law. This enterprise ended in a hopeless tangle, as might have been anticipated. Lord Westbury was the last man to be the successful director of such an enterprise, nor are busy lawyers the kind of people to reduce a system of law built up on precedents into an harmonious whole. Mr. Harrison also did real service to the Working Men's College, and has delivered lectures innumerable and written almost as many articles and some books. He has even reduced a period of Byzantine history to the form of a novel, and has been engaged in perpetual controversy as long as any of us can remember. At the end of all this he is clearly very well pleased with himself. We do not say that he is not entitled to be, for in his time he has more than once served the public well. A little discrimination would have produced at the end one small volume of reminiscences which might have had some justification for its appearance. But he seems to have lost all sense of proportion. Perhaps, however, he has in view another

world of readers. "They tell me my books are well known in Japan." Perhaps, too, we might hear them recited

"At midnight, in the Persian tongue,
Along the streets of Ispahan."

Indeed Mr. Harrison has endeavoured to convince Islam that though the prophet of Positivism he has striven to do justice to a great predecessor. "I was (in Cairo) presented to the Sheik-ul-Islam and his Sanhedrim of doctors, to whom, by the aid of Mohammed Abdu, I explained how at Newton Hall, in 1882, we had commemorated the 13th century of the Hegira, Mohammed being one of the four chiefs of the initial Theocracies recorded in the Positivist Calendar." This is truly delicious, and a few other passages of this kind are equally amusing. We are also gravely informed that a Positivist pilgrimage was once made to Paris, and Mr. Harrison attempted to give a lecture before the west front of Notre Dame. "The gardien peremptorily told me that public discourses were illegal in the streets, and that if I wished to express our homage for Saint Louis and Jeanne d'Arc, it must be done inside the Church. Curiously enough, the vergers stopped me in the same way when on the steps of our own Saint Paul's I was trying to put into words our profound veneration of the Apostle to the Gentiles." Vergers are notoriously people of one idea and jealous of their own shrine and its privileges, but they had probably never heard of "Positivism" or knew Mr. Harrison's exalted position in that particular tabernacle. Even Huxley knew, or pretended to know, very little about it, for once in conversation he said "Why, I always thought you swung a censer on Sundays before the altar in Chapel Street." But this we are told pontifically is quite a mistake. What is more, "a wedding at Newton Hall is usually pronounced to be both a graceful and an impressive ceremony, bringing home to bride and bridegroom the tremendous responsibilities of married life", while "the exhortation naturally avoids the gross and monkish crudities of the Church Service". Though Mr. Harrison did not see it, Huxley was clearly "pulling his leg", and it is easy to conjecture what he thought of all this "crudity" and nonsense.

The most interesting part of this book is the account of the author's visit as "Times" correspondent to France during the crisis of 1877, when MacMahon was trying to bring back the Monarchy. Unfortunately his dreams of the Republic and its future are far from being realised. "That curse of France, the seizure of her vast official resources to pander to the appetites of adventurers, their appetite for war, for luxury, for money, for lust—this we may hope will be made hereafter impossible." Far from being "impossible", this is exactly the state of things which has generally prevailed under the Third Republic.

To do him justice, Mr. Harrison is never led by mere party cries, and draws conclusions for himself, but that does not make all his reflections of importance to mankind.

THE LITTLE BROWN BIRD.

"Partridges and Partridge Manors." By Captain Aymer Maxwell. With 16 Illustrations in Colour. London: Black. 1911. 7s. 6d. net.

THE literature of partridge-shooting is not less copious than that of other field-sports, yet is there plenty of occasion for Captain Maxwell's "Partridges and Partridge Manors", forasmuch as great changes have taken place in recent years both in the system of managing ground so as to get the best out of it, and also in the manner of shooting the game. "Occasionally, but only very occasionally now—so much have things altered in the last ten years—you may still meet with the long, ordered line of guns, keepers and beaters manœuvring about the country in the orthodox manner of other days. But 'walking in line' is nearly extinct, and surely few can be found to regret its disappearance.

For what a dull performance it was at the best; easy of accomplishment, it is true, demanding little of the ingenuity and resource which make the successful conduct of a day's driving almost as much fun without a gun as with one. But the shooting was a clumsy business, and the endless repetition of the same end-on shot compared but poorly with the almost infinite variety of pace, angle and curl that driven birds offer."

We agree, yet not without a sigh for the still older and more picturesque manner of shooting over dogs, being of an age to remember when "walking in line" came into vogue, partly in consequence of the adoption of breechloaders, which hustled the high-bred pointer and unstrung his nerves, and partly because the extension of high farming rendered cover so scanty that birds would no longer lie to dogs. Never more may our hearts warm to the sight of a pair of satin-coated beauties ranging free—the electric rigour which arrests one of them to the point in mid-career—the palpitating crouch of the other, faithfully backing. Then came the tense anxiety of drawing up to the game, followed by the sudden whirr of the covey, putting the sportsman's coolness to a test such as is never experienced, we think, in a day's driving. The tiro was sure to blaze at the nearest bird, leaving himself a long chance with the second barrel; but the artist would floor the furthest bird first, ready to take the second at easy range. In the modern sport, marksmanship is the primary requisite, field-craft a subsidiary qualification, at least in the firing line. But to manœuvre a drive successfully requires qualities of the head: indeed Captain Maxwell, writing from extended experience, has come to the opinion that: "To drive partridges as they should be driven is a high art, of which there are, in all probability, not more than a score of masters in this country who join to natural aptitude and long experience that infinite capacity for taking pains which alone can bring performance within measurable distance of perfection."

It is a common belief that driving, practised to the exclusion of every other mode of shooting, has the same effect of increasing the stock of partridges as it has been repeatedly proved to do on a grouse-moor. Captain Maxwell does not share this belief, despite the fact that the annual bag at Holkham increased from 3000 to 8000 partridges within ten years of the adoption of driving. He inclines to attribute this result to the adoption of a more scientific system of preservation. In this there has been an advance in recent years as remarkable as in the mode of shooting. When Mr. Stuart-Wortley contributed a volume on the partridge to the "Fur and Feather" series fifteen years ago, he endorsed the prevailing opinion that, so far from visiting the nests, it were better that they should "escape attention altogether". How different is the approved practice now may be seen from the reports which Captain Maxwell has been at pains to collect from sixteen representative partridge-manors. Upon fourteen of these estates daily visitation of the nests is the duty of the man in charge of the beat.

"I consider", writes a Cambridgeshire head-keeper, "1000 to 1200 acres plenty for a man to see after properly. I never take a man off his beat after the partridges begin to lay, as I expect him to find every nest he can and visit it at least once a day. . . . All eggs are marked with a rubber stamp, which checks egg-stealing. . . . This shoot is about 5500 acres, of which 2500 acres have a light and sandy soil. On the rest of the ground the soil is heavy and sticky. . . . Our best season was 1897-8, when 2598 partridges were killed, of which 2180 came off the light land, and only 418 from the heavy. . . . In my opinion heavy land is not worth the keeper's wages for partridges."

Vermin, of course, must be rigorously and vigilantly dealt with, if the ground is to yield the best results; but we are pleased to find the author a discriminating police magistrate in this matter. He gives a classified list of animals more or less injurious, at the head and front whereof he rightly sets the brown rat. It is little use killing hawks, stoats, etc., unless concerted measures be taken for the extermination of rats, which,

owing to the modern use of concrete flooring for barns and stables, and to the profuse distribution of food for pheasants in winter, have spread far and wide through woodlands and hedgerows, living there the year round by massacre and rapine. Others than game preservers are concerned in the prevalence of this pest, which not only causes incalculable damage to stackyards and other stores, but has been proved to be the principal agent in disseminating a loathsome and deadly disease among human beings. Verily, no other mammal can be so fitly described as *hostis humani generis*, yet who is there among country dwellers who will not endorse Captain Maxwell when he declares that "there are too many keepers who would regard the presence of a hawk's nest on the most distant corner of their ground as a serious reflection on their professional character, at the same time regarding with comparative equanimity a hedgerow overrun with rats at their very door"?

Talking of rats, we are not sure a recent recommendation presented by the Chambers of Agriculture to the Government will do. While asking for immediate repressive legislation, they recommend that "complete protection should be afforded to all species of owls, kestrels, hawks and weasels—the natural enemies of the rat". We would protect the birds on other grounds, but if weasels were to be cherished, good-bye to partridges. It is worth remembering, too, that the report of the departmental committee on the vole plague of 1893 shows that in Thessaly, where the voles swarmed excessively, nobody thinking of killing birds of prey, which the committee, when they visited that country, found were present in extraordinary numbers, without any sensible effect upon the voles.

For partridges it may be claimed that, among all species of British game, they are innocuous to agriculture. When the harvest is late, grouse and black-game plunder the stocks along the moor edge, while pheasants may trample down standing corn near the covers where they are reared, no one has ever heard of compensation being claimed for damage attributed to partridges. Although they "follow the plough", cultivated land being essential to a good stock, they live chiefly on seeds of grass and weeds, varying their diet in summer with small caterpillars and other insect fare. One of the chief reasons for the decline of partridges in some districts is the extent to which, since the fall in the price of grain, permanent pasture has taken the place of arable.

We have noticed a few misprints in this excellent monograph which should be corrected in future editions. Lord de Ros wrote his name so, although it was pronounced "de Roos" as printed on p. 71, and Ovid wrote "medio tutissimus ibis", not "media" as on p. 311. If "Elvedon" on p. 132 be meant for Elveden in Suffolk, it is the property, not of Lord Ducie, but of Lord Iveagh. The colour printer has treated Mr. George Rankin's plates so harshly as to make us wish that, like the admirable diagrams in the text, they had been given in plain black.

THE LINLEYS OF BATH.

"The Linleys of Bath." By Clementina Black. London: Secker. 1911. 16s. net.

We usually associate Miss Black's name with a class of books of a very different kind from this present one. It is true the women of the famous Linley family were working women, but Miss Black has been attracted to their fortunes for reasons that have nothing to do with women's industrial position. Their genius, their beauty, which lives in so many pictures by Reynolds and Lawrence and Gainsborough, their romantic and sentimental history, have exercised their charm over her as they do on all who know anything of the Bath and London of the eighteenth century. The Linleys of Bath were only the family of a musician, but he was the musician who wrote "Here's to the maiden of blushing fifteen" for the "School for Scandal" of his son-in-law, who married Bessie, the beauty of a circle where everyone, man and woman, was handsome. We have written "blushing" as Miss Black

writes it so; but it is "bashful" in the printed plays and on the stage. Then the family became the Linleys of London when the elder Linley entered into partnership with the author in Drury Lane, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan's mother-in-law became mistress of the robes to the theatre. Bessie found herself the wife not only of the greatest dramatist but one of the greatest political orators of the age, and she was welcomed and idolised by the "great". "In various leading Whig houses she was a welcome guest, and might enjoy for as many weeks as she chose the pleasure of losing money at cards to some of the most admired and popular of her contemporaries." Father, mother, and brothers and sisters of Bessie were all remarkable personalities. Miss Black has made of their histories and their correspondence a very delightful book. There are beautiful reproductions of pictures which owed their fame as much to the beauty of the Linleys as to the painters; and the fastidious family itself might die satisfied with this memorial. Their charm, as far as it is possible for us now to feel it, is in the book; and Miss Black has achieved her purpose in writing it.

PUBLISHING NOTES.

The chief event of literary interest in the books of the present season will probably be "Tennyson and his Friends", edited by Lord Tennyson and published by Messrs. Macmillan. The chapters will deal with the men and things in which Tennyson was interested, and each will be written by one most competent to handle its subject matter. For instance, Tennyson and Music will be written by Sir Charles Stanford; Tennyson and Thackeray by Lady Ritchie; Tennyson and Religion by the ex-Bishop of Ripon; and so on.

Mr. Murray in his "Questions of the Day" will include "The Case against Tariff Reform", by Mr. E. Enever Todd, of the Free Trade Union; it is a reply to Archdeacon Cunningham's volume criticising Free Trade. The two books set out the case for and against Tariff Reform, and should be useful in controversy. Mr. Murray will publish in the new year a novel by Lady Bancroft, "The Shadow of Neeme".

Monsignor Bernard Ward is progressing with his history of Catholic emancipation. It will be in three volumes, the first of which was "The Dawn"; the second, which Messrs. Longmans hope to publish very shortly, will be entitled "The Eve of Catholic Emancipation"; the third will follow in due course.

Messrs. Constable and Co. have just published three volumes which have a measure of topical interest apart from other claims. The first is "Across South America", by Mr. Hiram Bingham, Professor of South American affairs at Yale University; the second is Mr. Wm. Edgar Geilly's "Eighteen Capitals of China", every one of which Mr. Geilly has visited; the third is Mr. W. E. Griffis' "China's Story: in Myth, Legend, Art and Annals".

Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons, who have recently moved into their new premises in Bedford Street, have a list of books either just published or about to be published which suggests that in the new home there will be more energy and enterprise than ever. "A History of Russia", by V. O. Kluchevsky, translated by Mr. C. J. Hogarth; "William Shakespeare: A Study", by Mr. Darrell Figgis; "Palestine Depicted and Described", by Mr. G. E. Franklin; "The Life and Work of Romesh Chunder Dutt"; a new series by experts on the Army, the Navy, sports, games and other subjects of national interest, and a special selection from Everyman's Library to be bound in morocco for presentation—these are among the items to be found in Messrs. Dent's catalogue.

Messrs. Blackwood will not publish the third volume of Mr. G. W. Forrest's "History of the Indian Mutiny" till next year. Mr. Alfred Noyes' "The Forest of Thyme" will be out next week.

Interest in the horse has not disappeared with the advent of the motor-car. Colonel Meysey Thompson's "The Horse: its Origin and Development, combined with Stable Practice", in which every breed will have a separate chapter, will be published by Mr. Arnold.

The Oxford University Press hope to have ready in a few days Mr. Vincent A. Smith's "History of Fine Art in India and Ceylon".

Mr. Gordon Craig's book, "On the Art of the Theatre" in which he sets forth his experiences and ideals of stagecraft, is nearly ready for publication by Mr. Heinemann.

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